Saturday Night

March 20, 1954 • 10 Cents

The Front Page

It is too early to tell if the wise, cool words spoken in New Delhi by Prime Minister St. Laurent have done much to lessen India's virulent and habitual distrust of anything done by Americans outside the borders of the United States, but it will not be his fault if his visit fails to make Indians less fearful of what they like to call the dollar imperialism of the U.S.A. He spoke to government leaders and newspapermen alike with sincerity, courage and logic.

What he had to say did not concern India alone, however. It could have been said with profit here in Canada, where a stream of hate-the-U.S. feeling seems to be babbling along at quite a volume these days, fed by the peevish tributaries of professed dislike for American books, music, radio, money, politics and material success, but finding its main source in an ingrained Canadian suspicion of powerful neighbors. At one time the suspicion was directed against Britain; it shifted to the United States as the burdens of world leadership were transferred from London to Washington. It finds its most extreme expression in the vaporings of precious critics who would have no intellectual

PREMIER DOUGLAS CAMPBELL: A dislike for debt. *(Page 3)*

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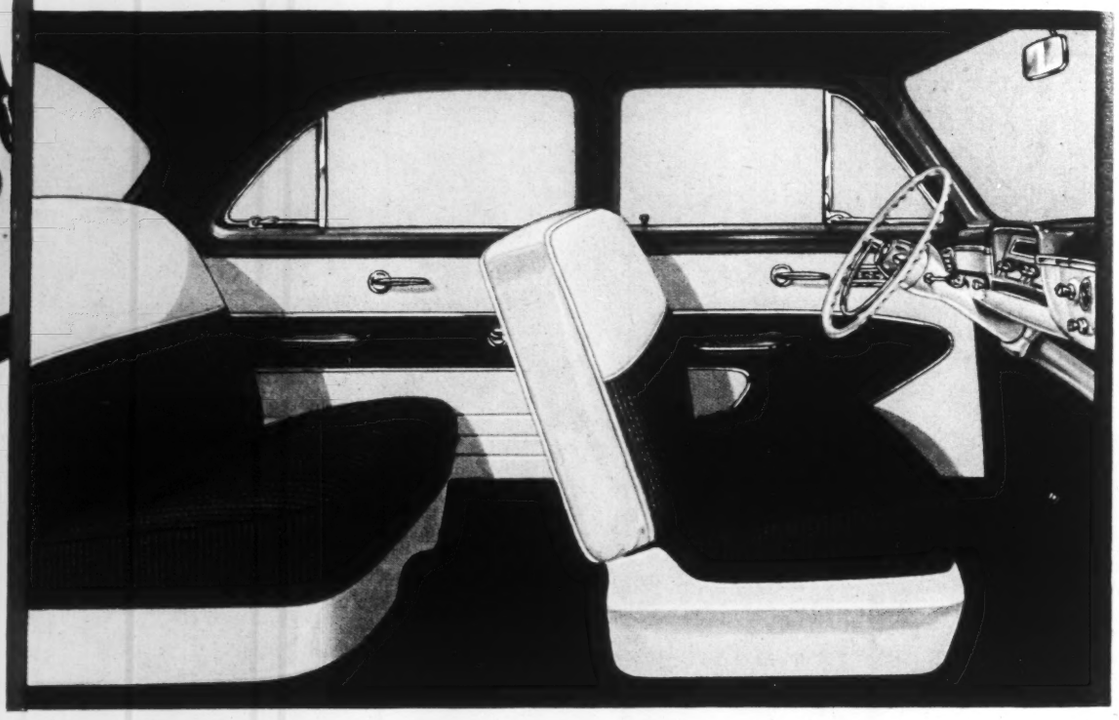

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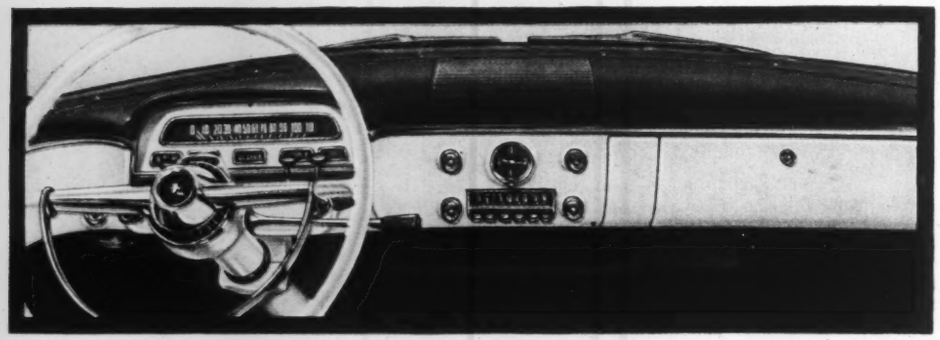

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

truck or trade with the Americans and in the published opinions of commentators who have not yet caught up with the political realities of this century; but under this sort of froth there is a turgid brew of dislike, distilled largely from the bitter fruits of nationalistic prejudice.

It is easy to find fault with neighbors, especially if they are rich and powerful—and if some of them seem forever to be talking at the top of their voices. But willy-nilly, we are neighbors, speaking the same language, sprung from the same roots, possessors of the same heritage and indissolubly linked by geography. On our own side of a lengthy fence, we run our own household affairs as we think best, but the fence can never be high enough to shut one off completely from the other, or strong enough to enable one to ignore invasion of the other's property.

The "hate the United States" crew would have us live in a constant state of suspicion. They would have us dispute the realities of both continental and global geo-politics. They may be having fun, but if the rest of us joined them, the joke would be on us.

Principle Upheld

IN THE WORLD, we are told, is in a state of flux, and this being so it is heartening to find any bit of evidence to indicate that the tides of change may wash over without washing away the solid rock of honest principle. One such bit we came across the other day was the report that a court in Verona, Italy, had thrown out a suit by a voter who tried to force the mayor to keep his campaign promises. The idea of making a politician live up to his promises is not only a shocking slap at a grand old tradition but a subversive proposal that could destroy democracy by forcing it into bankruptcy.

Looks and Languages

WE HAVE long supported the well-documented contention that more beautiful women are reared in Budapest than in any other city in the world, and we saw no reason to change our belief when we met Ilona Massey soon after she arrived in Toronto to prepare for her appearance in a television production of Maugham's *Theatre*. Miss Massey confirmed another theory: not only are the Hungarian ladies born with good looks but they come fully equipped with the gift of tongues.

"The last time I was in Canada," Miss Massey said in richly-flavored English, "it was to sing in a night club in Montreal. I love Montreal and Quebec. They remind me so much of Europe. And I have not been back to Europe since I left Hungary. That was just before the war broke out. I had trained to be an opera singer, and in 1938 I signed a contract with the Viennese State Opera Company. But a Hollywood representative, touring Europe in search of talent, asked me to go into films. I had been studying opera in Budapest and Vienna since I was 15, but I just could not turn down the Hollywood opportunity. The opera company was sympathetic and agreed to cancel the contract."

She hummed a bit of *Weiner Blut*. "There were 38 other people from the European stage in the group that went to Hollywood," she said. "Hedy Lamarr was one of them. In my first movie, *Rosalie*, I played a European —my accent, of course—and similar parts followed. Then I became a spy in *International Lady* and *Invisible Agent*. I was stuck as a spy for a while. I managed to get different roles later, but in my latest picture, *Love Happy*, I'm mixed up in espionage again. Ah well! Recently all my time has been taken up with appearances on TV, radio and in night clubs. I aim at the greatest variety. On radio and TV I sing and take part in comedy and drama, too. My night club act includes love songs in five languages. I really speak three—Hungarian, German and English. I have been considering a tour of South America, but I might make a film in Italy instead. I suppose I'd better start rehearsing now."

Taking the hint, we bade her a breathless adieu.

ILONA MASSEY: A liking for variety.

Sign of the Times?

WHATEVER HAS happened to Pro Bono Publico, the stern, anonymous critic whose reports on municipal misbehavior once appeared almost daily in the letters to the editor printed by newspapers? We have searched earnestly for him, but without success; he appears to have been replaced by People who are Disgusted — Disgusted Taxpayer, Disgusted Citizen, Disgusted Fan and, more often than not, just plain Disgusted. Can this be a sign of the times? Has Pro Bono Publico, the fine edge of his impersonal indignation dulled by failure to arouse the masses, now become simply a Person who is Fed-up?

Working Couples

WHILE GIVING Canadian sin in general a lusty thumping at the annual meeting of the United Church's Board of Evangelism and Social Service, Dr. J. R. Mutchmor, secretary of the Board, took a round-house swipe at wives who take on outside jobs to help their husbands pay for "cars, television sets and cocktail parties". So thunderous and comprehensive was Dr. Mutchmor's denunciation that we hesitate to suggest that he might have added an item to the list of things to be paid for—the houses that young couples work to buy, because so many God-fearing landlords don't like children.

First, the Teacher

WHAT IS happening or failing to happen in the schools of this country has suddenly become of nation-wide interest—and not just in Education Week either. The most casual newspaper reader cannot fail to see that education has become front-page news. And not just front page. Even the comic strips, those fun-house mirrors of the foibles of our times, reflect this interest and concern. All this is to the good as long as it points up the importance and need of a true education and does not become a noisy squabble between factions promoting this method or that curriculum.

It is fashionable at the moment to blame education for everything from juvenile delinquency to the hydrogen bomb. While a vast, precise and cumulative knowledge transmitted through education has made the latter possible, it is silly to blame education for the former or other more general ills. What is wrong with the world, of course, is the sum of what is wrong with the individuals in it. But we are more than ever convinced that an education which opens the mind and liberates the spirit is the only hope for the individual. We have long believed, too, that the quality of education is in direct proportion to the calibre of the teacher. No gymnasium, auditorium, elaborate technical equipment or audio-visual aids can substitute for the teacher who brings a passion for knowledge, a love of truth, and a lively and inquiring mind to the classroom. These are qualities which are above price, which is probably why so many teachers have never been adequately paid. They are also qualities which are most effective in an intimate relationship, not in an over-crowded classroom. A country that can spend billions of dollars on luxuries can surely find the money to build the classrooms and attract and hold teachers who are something more than baby-sitters, policemen, or drudges.

Careful Mr. Campbell

CANADIANS living outside Manitoba seldom come across the name Douglas L. Campbell in their daily newspapers, and Premier Campbell has given no sign of wanting to change that situation. He has been getting along quite nicely in his own Province, and there is every indication that he will continue to do so for some time to come. When he took his Liberal Progressives into last June's provincial election, they held 35 seats; they came out of it with 36, a clear majority of 15 over the combined opposition. The strongest party in that opposition, the Conservatives, also gained, electing three new members for a total of 12, but they are in what the Winnipeg *Free Press* has described as "the throes of an internal struggle without precedent in this Province". As for the others, the CCF now has five members in the Legislature, two less than there were before the election—a querulous body obviously and desperately in need of a political strategy; after much huffing and puffing by organizers and orators from Alberta and British Columbia, the Social Credit party managed to get two members elected; and the remaining two seats are held by a Communist and an Independent.

Premier Campbell's administration has not been spectacular, but it has been careful. It is a proud boast of his supporters that provincial taxation is lower per capita in Manitoba than in any other Province. His critics have tried to condemn him for penny-pinching, claiming that Manitoba is being denied needed public improvements by his miserliness, but the voters have indicated that in the main they approve of his persistent campaign to reduce the provincial debt. The program to reduce that debt, started by the Garson Government in 1947, has been steadily followed by the Campbell ministry; at the end of

The Front Page

1953 it was down to $40 million (it had reached $74 million in 1938), despite an increase in expenditures from $19,461,000 to $54,448,000 in eight years.

Premier Campbell's careful way of doing things was demonstrated again at last month's opening of the new Legislature. The Speech from the Throne was a forecast of routine business, except for one proposal: the establishment of a committee to make a thorough inquiry into Manitoba's primeval liquor laws. There has been increasing criticism of the regulations governing liquor sales in the Province, and now the question is to be "studied". When it has the committee's report, the Government may prepare new legislation, but it is a safe bet that any new liquor law will get the test of public opinion before it is voted on in the Legislature. That is what has always been done in Manitoba; there have been six referendums on liquor in the past and now a seventh is on its way.

The Safety in Cars

WHEN THE Ontario Legislature's debate on the Throne Speech got around to highway safety a week or so ago, a couple of the members took a few hefty swipes at the car manufacturers. John Yaremko (PC, Toronto-Bellwoods) thought the manufacturers should give as much attention to safety mechanisms as to styling, and Arthur Child (PC, Wentworth) described high-powered automobiles as "bankers' hot rods". Wondering what the people who make cars thought about these things, we called William Wecker, President of General Motors of Canada.

"The same type of development work that has been carried on through more than five decades is still being continued," Mr. Wecker said. "The only difference is that an ever-increasing amount of technical and scientific knowledge and experience is now being applied in all phases of the work. Many of the things we've had for so long that we take them for granted, but they represent a great amount of research work in adapting them to the automobile. Some of the things developed between 1920 and 1930, for example, were the electric starter, the mechanical windshield wiper, four-wheel brakes, laminated safety glass, the foot-operated dimmer switch, the adjustable front seat, and improved headlights and gear shifting.

"One of the developments between 1930 and 1940 was the hydraulic brake, equalizing braking pressure between the two front-wheel and two rear-wheel brakes. Another big improvement in safety then was the curved steel top on automobiles. We put safety locks on doors, and hinged the doors themselves at the front, so that wind-pressure would tend to keep them closed if they somehow became unlatched. Twin tail-lamps became another safety measure. Between 1940 and 1950 progress was interrupted, but there have been many improvements since 1950. There are automatic transmissions that greatly relieve the strain on the driver. Power steering makes for more safety—the car is much easier to control when the wheels get off on the shoulder of the road or a blow-out occurs. Power brakes are a big help, especially for women. Directional signals are going on all our cars, except the low-priced models, and these are wired so that attachment is simple. I think next year they will be on all cars. Then there is the front-mounted windshield, designed to push the glass outward when the force against it approximates the breaking strength of the glass. Another item is the electronic eye, which automatically switches the headlights to a lower beam when oncoming vehicles approach."

What about the boosts in horsepower? "Our position in that matter is that engines with increased horsepower provide better acceleration in the range of average highway driving speed. With such acceleration available, we think that drivers can reduce the time to pass slow-moving vehicles and reduce the time they are exposed to accidents. We think that definitely contributes to greater safety on the highways."

Did the manufacturers have definite safety programs? "Yes. General Motors, for example, established a Safety Group a number of years ago. It is comprised of engineers from each of our divisions, and its objective is the evaluation of various designs from the safety viewpoint. One of the tasks of each member of the Group is to keep all the engineers in the various departments ever conscious of the need for seeking and making additional safety improvements."

His personal view of the problem of safety? "Three factors are involved in highway safety: the car, the road and the driver. Most safety progress thus far seems to have been made with the car, but when better highways are built and the drivers learn to drive more safely, then perhaps we shall see the number of highway deaths reduced. Now that's a quotation from a recent magazine article. It's brief, but it tells what has to be done. We have to have better highways and the best cars possible, but the human element is still unchanged."

In the Middle

THE MIDDLE of the road seems to be a popular spot these days. Justice Minister Garson, for example, told an audience the other day that the Liberal party kept to the middle of the road, carefully avoiding the Conservative and Socialist ditches on either side. Prime Minister Nehru often expresses a preference for the same position, and Washington pundits report that President Eisenhower is trying to keep his administration in the middle, somewhere between McCarthy and Milliken. And just yesterday we came across another bit of evidence: a formidable mess of statistics on highway accidents, showing the valiant determination of thousands of motorists to stick to the middle of the road.

Milne

WILLIAM WECKER: "The car, the road and the driver."

This Shaky Freedom

AFTER THE CURIOUS agreement between the British Empire Games Society and the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, giving the CBC certain exclusive rights at the Games in Vancouver this summer, it is fair to ask if the CBC, which already has dictatorial powers over one form of publishing—broadcasting—is now trying to muscle in on another—the press.

Newspapers have a traditional right to cover public events without restriction, and it is recognized that there is no copyright on news itself. But the contract wangled by the CBC gives the Corporation exclusive use of pre-determined "positions and stands" at the Games, and "prior rights" to any location it wants for its cameramen and reporters. The newspapermen must be satisfied with second-best.

It seems incredible that the Games Society should have agreed to such a contract. The Society does not own the Games, but is only a trustee in the management of the event and in the handling of the public funds that make it possible. Under the circumstances, it is a duty not to restrict news coverage but to seek ways to broaden it, to provide the best service to the greatest possible audience. When the duty is ignored, to the obvious advantage of a government agency already notorious for its dislike of competition, a menacing precedent is established.

The comment of the Vancouver *Sun* is worth repeating: "Newsmen have always co-operated with essential traffic control measures at public events. Where accommodation is limited, they've democratically chosen some of their number to use available space and pooled the results. Under the CBC-BEG contract, newsmen are expected to forget this traditional right. They are expected to let the CBC take what it wants and get along as best they can on the CBC's leavings. They are asked to submit to the idea that freedom of the press, like that of radio and TV, is subject to the whims of a government bureaucracy."

The Missing Crown

SOMETIMES one has to read between the lines of *Hansard* to understand the goings-on in the House of Commons. A couple of weeks ago, for example, Julian Ferguson, the Conservative member for Simcoe North, asked Defence Minister Claxton a question about the change in RCAF cap badges. Mr. Claxton gave an explanation, and then *Hansard* shows Mr. Ferguson starting to say something and the Speaker interrupting him, thus: "Order. . . Notwithstanding the fact that the hon. member could have seen me standing up he carried on, putting on *Hansard* remarks which I could not hear because of the tumult in the House." The hon. member's remarks are not shown in *Hansard*, because they were expunged. But it is quite clear that between Mr. Claxton's reply and the Speaker's ruling there was quite a ruckus — caused, as the newspapers reported, by the boos, groans and shouts of Liberal back-benchers.

Neither *Hansard* nor the news reports give any clue to the reason for the back-bench bedlam. Were they objecting to Mr. Ferguson's question or Mr. Claxton's reply? Did they think that the Speaker could not bring Mr. Ferguson to order without their vocal help? Or did they feel uneasy about the removal of the crown from the cap badges of enlisted airmen and tried to cover their unhappy confusion with noise?

Whatever the reason, the back-benchers had a jolly time for a few minutes. Their performance effectively prevented any elaboration of Mr. Claxton's explanation, and all the House—and the country—knew, after it was all over, was that "for purposes of uniformity other ranks now wear on the wedge cap an eagle without the crown, which is worn only by officers and warrant officers". Just what "uniformity" meant was not explained, but the back-benchers had a chance to use their voices and thereby do something constructive to earn the raise in pay they recently voted themselves.

Canadian History In Black and White

Henri Julien's Record of Turn-of-the-Century Politics

QUEBEC HABITANT

Henri Julien (1854-1908) was one of first newspaper artists in America. His black-and-white drawings appeared in French, English and American periodicals.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER

Sir Wilfrid Laurier was Quebec-born Julien's idol. He portrayed him in a wide variety of costume and character. Here is a rare view of the militant, rather than suave, Laurier.

SIR WILLIAM MULOCK

Sir William Mulock introduced penny-postage to Canada as Postmaster-General under Laurier. In postman's garb, he is shown holding a three-colored "Empire" stamp.

SIR CLIFFORD SIFTON (1861-1929) MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR

Julien created a sensation when he caricatured the Laurier cabinet in a series for the Montreal Star. *He depicted them as sideshow minstrels, seen from the Press Gallery of the Commons. His cartoons were the most popular in Canadian publishing history.*

HON. WILLIAM PATERSON (1839-1914) MINISTER OF CUSTOMS

Each of Julien's subjects was shown in a characteristic pose. Beneath each was printed a parody on a popular song of the day, lampooning the politician portrayed. Julien's phenomenal visual memory was invaluable in capturing the idiosyncrasies of character.

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Fashion steals the shirt from
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and precision detailing . . .
turns it into the freshest,
youngest, most feminine fashion
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The Mind and Muscle In Luce's Empire

By ANTHONY WEST

A SPELL OF unusually mild weather for mid-February brought New York a mild attack of spring fever; sun worshippers congregated in the garden back of the Public Library at the lunch hour turning their winter white faces upwards, and the streets were full of men without topcoats. The unrest of the season seems to have hit the citadel of Henry Luce's magazine empire on the south side of Rockefeller Plaza somewhat ahead of the rest of town, since its effect was evident in the February issue of *Fortune*. Here in black and white, in the heart of the magazine which is about business, for businessmen, and by believers in free enterprise was a powerful attack on the independence of an independent businessman, and a strong plea for Government intervention in his affairs.

The article was surprising, because it had the whiff of a bygone era about it. Though *Fortune* was born at about the size and weight of the average flounder, and from the start was the most luxuriously presented magazine in existence after *The Ironmaster* (a little family magazine for owners of steel mills), it was run largely by newspapermen. In those days newspapermen did not limit themselves to writing editorial comment into agency reports; they had a respect, even an affection, for facts as such, and a tendency to think of businessmen in Menckenish terms as the monied upper layer of the boobocracy. They gave *Fortune* a certain flavor, a hint of irony. Indeed, I remember being told for a fact, by a partner in a Wall Street banking house, that the magazine made the bulk of its money by allowing businessmen to pay not to have their concerns written up in the magazine. This piece of slander seems to have had no foundation, but it shows what the tone was in those days, and how much it has changed.

Those were, if you remember, hard times, back in '33. There was a squatters' village in Central Park, there were 12 million unemployed at one time, there was quite a mess on hand. But like business itself *Fortune* struggled through the desperate period of the NRA, flourished under the odious tyranny of the New Deal, and did even better under the Fair Deal. Somewhere along the line Mr. Luce, like St. Paul on the road to Damascus, saw a blinding light and discovered a living faith in business in general, and in Yale businessmen in particular.

The newspapermen either saw the light too or dropped out. They were replaced by promising young men straight from college, preferably straight from Yale, whose leading characteristics were a belief in business and the ability to talk a peculiar brand of jargon that might be called Jeffersonian-Industrialism. The paper grew stronger and stronger on the Romance of Business, more and more respectful of the wisdom of the businessman, and more and more certain that creeping socialism was strangling the efforts of the great corporations to make America freer, equaller, richer, greater, and more truly American. *Time* and *Life* followed the same course. A year agone the brighter day dawned. Mrs. Luce went off to her just reward as Ambassadress in Italy, and *Time-Life-Fortune* filled the air with sweetness and balm as the crackpots trooped out of Washington and the sane, practical men trooped in, to strike the shackles off free enterprise.

Well, here it was February, and here was *Fortune* taking a look at Howard Hughes. He now runs his concerns from a series of apartments scattered around among the gambling joints and the nightclubs of Las Vegas. His associates never know which of them he will be in at any given moment, or if indeed he will be anywhere in Las Vegas, or in the commodious State of Nevada, when they want him. It may take them a week or more to track him down. Having found him it may take a further month or six weeks before they get a decision from him, no matter how urgent the point raised. On the other hand, when they don't want him at all, they may get telephone calls from pay phones in gas stations or bowling alleys, who knows where, suddenly completely revising company policies and production plans.

These quaint proceedings are all very well when it is a matter of giving private persons ulcers in the course of making the public aware that Jane Russell is a mammal (one of Mr. Hughes's most notable achievements) but. . . The production of the electronic machinery which controls the fire power of almost all American fighter aircraft is centred on a single plant in California which Mr. Hughes happens to own. The havoc and confusion his methods have produced in this plant in the past couple of years culminated a few months back in a crisis which threatened to put it out of production altogether, and brought its research and development side to a standstill. The management, reduced to despair, threatened to walk off the job in a body.

This unusual strike of management against ownership caused a considerable flutter in Washington, and Howard Talbot flew out to California to clear the matter up. He found himself with the ugly alternatives either of having to force a reorganization of the ownership, or of throwing a vital section of the defence program out of gear by transferring the contracts involved to producers who would have to start from scratch in the field. *Fortune* did not come out, in telling all this, in horror at this direct intervention of Government in the internal affairs of a private business. It stood pat for statism, and Government control, and asked in considerable horror, if the United States could afford to leave Mr. Hughes loose in his own property.

The effect of this reversal might have been stunning to anyone unaware of the intellectual turmoil which reigns within the *Time-Life-Fortune* offices. These corridors and cubbyholes house a number of hard working persons who actually get out the magazines, but they also hold a number of thinkers with no very clearly defined editorial function. They can be heard urging each other to "think the thing through, get beyond the facts to the facts behind the facts . . ." and uttering yet stranger rallying cries.

AT THE starting point of Luce thought is Jeffersonian-Industrialism, the doctrine that the big inter-state, and probably international, corporation is the best defender of States rights and the interests of the individual against the encroachments of Federal power. As Jefferson loathed industrialism and big cities this involves the troublesome business of reconciling opposites. This calls for mysticism, so the Luce thinkers also go in for the nebulous and indefinable notions of the Protestant theocrat Reinhold Niebuhr.

The outbreaks of Niebuhrism which appear in the magazines from time to time suggest, in some of the most baffling prose ever committed to print, that the ills of America and the World are God's punishment for Jeffersonian materialism, in particular for the exaltation of the pursuit of happiness as a legitimate human aim. That there should be some kind of atonement is indicated; at the least Americans ought to feel a lot guiltier than they do.

When the wind has been in this quarter for a time it shifts towards neo-toryism. Edmund Burke comes into the picture and the idea is floated out that as a result of loose Puritan thinking about freedom of thought in the seventeenth century the intellectuals of the eighteenth century took a disastrous left turn to Jacobinism, Statism, and New Deal Slavery. When this palls the windvane shifts again, the tone is set by Roman Catholic Humanism, and the voices of Jeffersonian-Thomists are to be heard arguing that real freedom of thought can only be established on the solid basis of certain universally accepted doctrines. What it amounts to is a complete lack of any kind of principle at all.

The Luce thinkers work away in their offices concocting these pots of intellectual bouillabaisse in the forms of Outlines of Western Culture, and so forth, some of which achieve print and some of which do not. At one time a considerable body of talent in the Luce organization was working on dummy runs of a "think" magazine

Rapid Grip & Batten

HENRY LUCE (left) and Mrs. Luce at church in Rome. "Luce thought . . . involves the troublesome business of reconciling opposites."

which was to be devoted purely to ideas, and which was to extend the constellation of magazines to *Time-Life-Fortune-Thought*, and to produce complete coverage of human activities. This idea, dear to a Luce thinker who made the mistake of coming out for Stevenson just as if he were free to have his own political ideas and who has since been fired, was dropped.

It has been replaced by a magazine project called *Muscle* by the irreverent. Some rumors assert that the thing is to enter the realm of the actual in July or thereabouts. Dummy runs have been produced, the sports editor of *Time* has put in a couple of months planning it, and it has a small skeleton staff. But the intellectual magazine got that far without ever reaching the news stands, and *Muscle* too may die. If it does appear it will be devoted entirely to sports. It should supply Luce men with a pleasant problem-free nook in which they will not have to labor incessantly to reconcile opposites in accord with Mr. Luce's changing moods. The *Time-Life-Fortune* empire certainly needs some such neutral corner where its staff can take shelter from the pressing inner necessity, which comes to all men sooner or later, of sitting down to knock off a powerful piece asking if the United States can afford to have Mr. Luce and his dreams at large in the enormous propaganda machine he has created.

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Here is the comment you once made
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Fifteen years ago; are you afraid
Such words can also show their age?

Now it is early autumn in
Your life and mine; your mind
Gives evidence of discipline,
What self-important comfort did you find?

We are torn, you wrote, between
Participating in the time's decay,
Or standing stonily above the scene,
Uncaring how events betray

The trusted and the trusting; yet
If you were now to read this marked
Elusive passage once again, and set
The thoughts these words once sparked

Beside the printed page, will you deny
That you would share with me the act
That loyalty and duty still imply,
And toss aside this philosophic tract

To leave some fragments of our flesh and blood
Upon another page of history, at new flood?

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Strike one at every turn,
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"This elevator will not run on Ascension Day";
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"Tomorrow being the feast of the Immaculate Conception,
There will be no collection of garbage in the city";
Or sees on the restaurant menu the bilingual dish:

DEEP APPLE PIE
TARTE AUX POMMES PROFONDES

F. R. SCOTT

•

The Hunter and the Singer

The buzzard has a round eye
Of terrible crystal
Circled about black onyx;

He sees, and knows what he sees,
And, searching,
Selects what is needful to glut his hunger;

His wings lift and carry him,
His talons grasp,
With scaly dragon-power,
The precise target of his vertical vision.

Substance of eye—
Not glass, but gelid,—
Texture of wing and feather and quill,
Bone of beak,
Strength of pinion, and competence
For the kill.
The brain
Shaping the steep assault . .

But a thrush must sing
At evening.

MARTHA BANNING THOMAS

Letter from Washington

The Democrats Decide to Fight

By Max Freedman

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER began his second year in office by showing signs of leadership that were often absent during his first twelve months in the White House. Quite plainly the stumbling period of apprenticeship was gone. He confirmed this impression by the vigor of his legislative program. Since then, it must be confessed, part of this bloom has faded. On balance, however, he remains a more impressive figure, as a political leader, than he was a year ago.

But he has made one blunder that has bewildered his friends and delighted his critics: for some reason he has chosen to ignore his most devoted supporters in the Senate. Men like Senators Ives, Saltonstall, Duff and Aiken were far more influential when the Democrats were in power than they are now. When is the last time you saw their names on the front page? They have fallen from their high estate. Indeed, Mr. Eisenhower seems almost reluctant to deal with his close friends lest he should offend his critics.

What result has this policy produced? The verdict was written over the debate on the Bricker Amendment. The Senate debated the Bricker Amendment, or substitutes for it, for nearly five weeks even though Mr. Eisenhower had set his face against all these invasions of the rights of the Presidency. In fact, the final vote on the substitute amendment by Senator George fell only one vote short of the two-thirds majority required by a constitutional amendment. Worse still, less than one-third of the Republican members of the Senate followed President Eisenhower's leadership. The majority preferred Senator Bricker's views on this great issue touching constitutional law and foreign policy.

Early in the debate Senator Fulbright made a speech that stirred the nation. Two passages in particular demand attention. "It was never intended by the Founding Fathers," he said, "that the President of the United States should be a ventriloquist's dummy sitting on the lap of Congress." Everyone knew his target as he remarked that when "public men indulge themselves in abuse, when they deny others a fair trial, when they resort to innuendo and insinuation, to libel, scandal and suspicion, then our democratic society is outraged and democracy is baffled. It has no apparatus to deal with the boor, the liar, the lout and the anti-democrat in general."

But Senator Fulbright is a Democrat. Why does the Republican party remain silent while its traditions are outraged and betrayed by McCarthy? Not so long ago it had more courage. In the Taft Administration it was a Republican, Senator Beveridge, who took the lead in indicting Senator Lorimer, another Republican, for corruption. Lorimer finally was expelled in disgrace. In the Harding Administration, Senator LaFollette sponsored the resolution which led to the investigation of the Teapot Dome scandal and to the imprisonment or dismissal of Republican cabinet officers. In the Coolidge and Hoover Administrations Senator Norris was "the conscience of the Republican party". Later, Senator Borah, though the leader of the isolationists, embodied many of the noblest traditions of American public life and often upheld the cause of decency and honor.

© Karsh

AVERELL HARRIMAN: Wrong approach to party unity.

There is no one in the Republican ranks today to sustain this record. Until someone emerges to challenge Senator McCarthy, in the name of the outraged traditions of the Republican party, he will continue to move from one arrogant triumph to another.

The Republicans, however, have no monopoly of trouble. The Democrats also belong to a divided household. They are a party without a leader, for Adlai Stevenson's future is unknown and his writ of authority commands little respect in Congress. Nor are they quite clear about their strategy in this year's election campaign. On strictly party grounds, there is much to be said against the Democrats gaining control of Congress. Would not such control give the Republicans a great cry in 1956? They could blame the Democrats for many things which would stand beyond the range of attack if the Republicans continued to be responsible for the legislative as well as the executive branch of the government. After a good deal of debate among the leaders, however, the Democrats have finally resolved this issue. They have decided that the country's problems are too urgent, and the views of many Republicans too alarming, for the Democrats to shun responsibility. There will therefore be no mock thunders this fall; the Democrats will fight for victory.

There is a chance, too, that they will fight as a united party or at least as something better than two embattled factions. The significance of the Southern Democratic Conference at Miami, Florida, seems to have been missed by many people. It really marks a sort of truce to ancient quarrels. The conference has been organized by Senator Holland of Florida. Last year he refused to attend the meeting of party leaders in Chicago. He spoke for many Southern Democrats who resented, with almost equal bitterness, the pledge of loyalty exacted from all delegates to the 1952 nominating convention and the constant murmurs against the South for its tolerance of segregation.

Even in 1952 it was obvious that the Northern liberals, led by Senator Douglas, Averell Harriman and Franklin Roosevelt, Jr., were pressing their Southern colleagues into an uncomfortable position. Since then the most practical lessons had demonstrated the dangers of the Northern approach: Mr. Eisenhower had captured four Southern States and has almost won two more states. The Democratic leadership virtually buried the loyalty pledge and moderated the criticism of the South. These banners of reconciliation achieved their purpose. Senator Holland invited Mr. Stevenson to share speaking honors at Miami with Senator Russell of Georgia and Representative Sam Rayburn of Texas, the two most influential spokesmen for the South in Congress. The Democrats are closer to unity than they have been for many years.

Naturally, this sign of Democratic unity has stirred great interest in Congress. Yet the Republicans are reluctant to accept the tasks of power. Their bitter exclusion from power for twenty years has developed the emotional grudges and emotional habits of a party in perpetual opposition.

When the Democrats returned to power under Woodrow Wilson after their long exile, and then under Franklin Roosevelt, they had many bold ideas to put into national policy. For some reason the Republicans have escaped this ferment of ideas. Their intellectual estate really is dilapidated, and their best men are forced to think under the tyranny of obsolete slogans. There is no Republican in Congress with national stature: the last two commanding figures were Vandenburg and Taft; and they are gone. Yet by a law of politics the emphasis now is shifting back to Congress after the long dominance of the executive branch under Roosevelt and Truman. Until Congress masters its tasks with greater wisdom and develops leaders able to defend the national interest with unfaltering courage, it will remain an uncertain and unpredictable element in the American system of government.

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The Literary Life

A Preference For Prefaces

By Hugh Garner

ONE PHASE of authorship that has been sadly overlooked up to now is the author's biographical or gossipy preface. Because I enjoy them, and believe they tell a great deal about the writing business, I'd like to talk about them here.

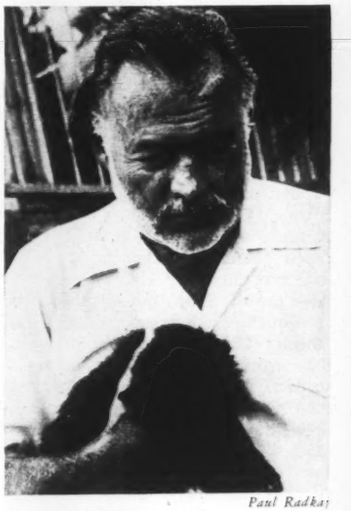
Probably the most prolific preface writer of all time was George Bernard Shaw, and some of his prefaces were almost as long as the plays that followed them. This fact never maddened me, for I found them fascinating, and I believe, for instance, that Shaw's preface to *Androcles and the Lion* is the best essay on Christianity ever written. Two other writers who love to write prefaces are Somerset Maugham and Ernest Hemingway. Maugham must be a frustrated essayist, for he has written introductions to nearly all his books and collections of stories. To my mind his best novel, and one of the best novels ever written, is *Of Human Bondage*, and his preface to it describes his struggles to get it published at the age of 23, how every publisher who read it returned it, how he rewrote it when he was 37, and its subsequent success.

Ernest Hemingway wrote a preface to his collection of short stories, but most of his "literary forewords" have been contained well within the bodies of his books, particularly *The Green Hills of Africa* and *Death in the Afternoon*. *The Green Hills of Africa* is one long essay on big-game hunting and writing, in which Hemingway scoffs at the talents of such sacred cows as Emerson, Whittier, Whitman, Thoreau and Hawthorne, and praises Henry James, Stephen Crane and Mark Twain.

John O'Hara, in a preface to *Appointment in Samarra*, tells in simple words how the book was written. It was written on a new portable typewriter with an all-black ribbon in a room at the Pickwick Arms Hotel on East 51st. St., New York, between September 1933, and March 1934, on a weekly stipend of $50 given to O'Hara by Alfred Harcourt of Harcourt Brace, who had read the first 25,000 words. He wrote the book at night after sitting in saloons until midnight, and he would work on it every night except Thursday and Sunday, until he got a pain in his back, when he would stop.

James M. Cain wrote a long introduction to *The Butterfly* in which he discusses the technical side of his writing, denies that he belongs to any "school" of writing, hard-boiled or any other, delivers a critique of book critics, and reiterates that he did not inherit his style from Ernest Hemingway.

William Faulkner wrote a preface to the Modern Library edition of *Sanctuary*, thus proving (along with James M. Cain) that some authors have written their forewords to the wrong books. Cain should have written *his* to *The Postman Always Rings Twice* rather than *The Butterfly*, and Faulkner could have chosen one of his better books such as *Absalom, Absalom! The Sound and the Fury*, or *Light in August* rather than *Sanctuary*. However, Faulkner gives an interesting dissertation on how some of his books were written, and describes writing *Sanctuary* deliberately to make money. He got a job in a power plant, from six in the evening until six in the morning, as a coal-passer. He wrote *Sanctuary* in three weeks and sent it away. In the meantime, using a wheelbarrow as a desk on his nights in the power house, he wrote *As I Lay Dying* in six weeks. When a publisher accepted *Sanctuary* and sent him the galley proofs, he found it so bad that he re-wrote it, and had to pay for its re-setting as a consequence.



Paul Radkay

ERNEST HEMINGWAY.

William Saroyan wrote two prefaces to *The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze and Other Stories*. In his first preface he says: "In the event that the book reaches a third edition, it is my plan to write a preface to the third edition, covering all that I said in the prefaces to the first and second editions, and it is my plan to go on writing prefaces for new editions of this book until I die. After that I hope there will be children and grandchildren to keep up the good work." Following this are three or four pages filled with writing rules à la Saroyan.

In a preface to *What Makes Sammy Run?* Budd Schulberg delivers a lengthy apologia for Sammy Glick, and answers the accusations levelled at him for making a Jew the villain of the piece. Erskine Caldwell, in an introduction to *Tobacco Road*, describes how he got the idea for writing the book while walking along a Georgia road. D. H. Lawrence wrote a foreword to *Women in Love* in 1919, in which he tells of his difficulty in getting it published, and how *The Rainbow*, to which *Women in Love* is the sequel, gave him an undeserved reputation in the U.S. for "eroticism" and in England of being unclean and pornographic.

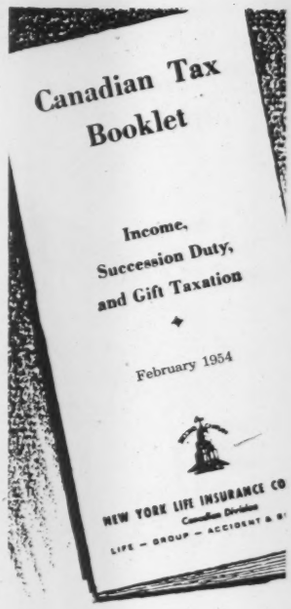
In an author's note to *Lord Jim*, Joseph Conrad talks about the narrative form of the book, in which Marlow tells Jim's story, in quotes, for hundreds of pages. And at the same time he also refuses to admit that *Lord Jim* is his best book. For *Jurgen*, James Branch Cabell wrote a preface which is the most erudite and hard-to-understand one of the lot, titled "A Foreword: Which Asserts Nothing", and which afforded me exactly that when I read it.

John Steinbeck wrote prefaces to *Tortilla Flat* and *Cannery Row*, but to none of his other books, as far as I know, with the exception of an introduction to *The Log from the Sea of Cortez*. His prefaces, including his eulogy to his dead friend, Ed Ricketts (the "Doc" of *Cannery Row*), are as warm and human as his books themselves. In them he talks about the "hoor lady" who worked in Dora's joint, the Western Biological Laboratory, Lee Chong's store, the poor paisanos of Tortilla Flat and the happy bums who lived in the cast-iron pipes on Cannery Row.

Other literary gossip I remember reading, but am unable to find now, was John O'Hara's scathing criticism of Sinclair Lewis and Pearl Buck as recipients of the Nobel Prize, and Ernest Hemingway's mention of Thomas Wolfe as a writer who wrote too much, and Faulkner as a writer who was very good indeed.

Most authors' biographical or explanatory prefaces are gold mines of information for writers, or anyone else for that matter, who is interested in the technique of writing, or its hazards. To those people who are always trying to peek over an author's shoulder to see how a book is conceived, written and presented, these prefaces are the answer. This discussion of them has been necessarily brief, and my choice was not very wide. There is much more in the ones mentioned than I have told about, and if you've skipped them earlier, reading them will, I'm sure, prove as interesting and informative to you as it has to me.

One of the shortest and pithiest prefaces I have come across was Mark Twain's introduction to *Huckleberry Finn*. "Notice. Persons attempting to find a motive in this narrative will be prosecuted; persons attempting to find a moral in it will be banished; persons attempting to find a plot in it will be shot." Just the same, Ernest Hemingway says that *Huckleberry Finn* is the grand-daddy of all good American writing. I know because he said it to the German hunter in *The Green Hills Of Africa*.



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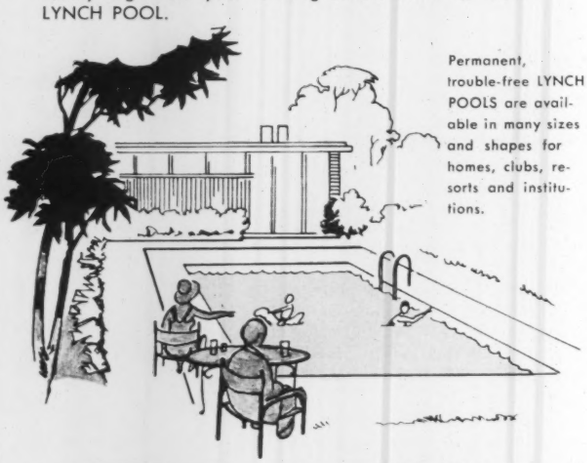

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Lighter Side

For Immediate Release

By Mary Lowrey Ross

MOST OF MY WOMEN friends and acquaintances claim that they do all their movie-magazine reading under the dryer at the hair-dresser's. They point out that once you are fixed in that hot little purgatory, with metal clamps slowly searing holes in your head, the only relief is to read anything you can lay hands on. Eventually the movie-magazine takes your mind off the dryer, the dryer takes your mind off the movie-magazine, and so you arrive at one of those lower levels of anaesthesia where neither pain nor interest has a chance to move in.

Now I have always been charmed by movie-magazines wherever I find them. I like looking at the pictures of the stars with their flawless profiles, their flashing teeth, and the wonderful torsos revealed in the California sunshine. I follow the astonishing permutations and combinations of their marriages, with the pictures of the new happy pair at the Brown Derby, the pictures of the new ranch bungalow in Belair or Beverley Hills where they have settled down, the pictures later, as sometimes happens, of the Los Angeles Divorce Court room, where they are in process of settling up. I suspect that their revelations about their lives, their dreams, their mistakes, and each other, are frequently made up by somebody else and that their flashing smiles are porcelain-capped, but I find them fascinating just the same.

I might never have admitted this particular weakness if I hadn't recently met a friend who confessed that she too loved movie-magazines. "I take one home at least once a month to read in bed," she said. "After all, the stars and their lives are the nearest thing we have to a mythology on this continent."

The studios, of course, recognize that this secret appetite exists, and send along stories and items about their stars in the hope they will eventually reach the public. A great deal of this material comes to me, and since it is understood that unsolicited publicity should be ignored, I let it pile up on my desk. However, since there seems to be a demand for them I have selected a number of items for publication, altering names and details to conform with the rules. They run something like this:

"Thorburn ('Mike') Sillingsby says he is enjoying his new series of Westerns. 'The horse does all the brain-work, and I just go along for the ride,' says 'Mike'.

"Incidentally, watch out for that eye-filling sweater 'Mike' wears in *Montana Bad Boy*. He knitted it himself!"

"No spoiled movie brat is six-year-old Horace ('Jimmy') Upjohn. Although 'Jimmy's' salary runs into four figures, he doesn't know it. His mother puts every cent he earns into government bonds, allowing 'Jimmy' twenty-five cents a week for doing homework, cutting grass, and promising not to set fire to his six-months-old brother 'Rusty'.

"Incidentally, 'Rusty', who suffered a career setback after his work in *The Dawn Came Up Like Thunder* (retitled 'Doggone It!' for marquee purposes), is said to have made a sensational screen come-back in his new CinemaScopic production, *The Iron Baby*. Hollywood soothsayers are predicting big things for 'Rusty'."

"Blythe Sordi is definitely unhappy over her last two pictures, which she says, played down the glamour - aspects of her personality.

"Blythe, who is six feet tall and claims that she owes her screen career to the possession of a slightly lopped eye, will be definitely a whistle-provoker in her new dance musical, *Hot Dogs*."

"The hand of coincidence works strangely for Trudi Sondgaard. Cast as the girl-friend of a bank-bandit in *I'd Do Anything to Get Into TV*, Trudi found herself in *The Bronx Through a Collander*, cast as guess what? The girl-friend of a bank-bandit!

"'Don't tell me there is no such thing as coincidence!' says Trudi.

"Trudi, who is green-eyed and red-haired, says her hobbies are dogs, people, and putting water-pails on doortops. 'I have a terrible temper,' she admits.

"Trudi attracted the attention of talent-executive Lou Schrumm when he saw her throwing her motor-cycle at a traffic policeman on Sunset Boulevard. A 'term' contract followed."

"Perhaps you noticed Minnie, the twenty-pound trout that plays 'opposite' 'Rorie' Rohrschack in *Let's Fly By Night*. Minnie came from the Roseland Fish Farm, which specializes in developing fish-talent for the screen. There was plenty of competition for the role, but Minnie landed it, only to be landed later by 'Rorie'."

In case you too are fascinated by the items noted above, but wouldn't under any circumstances be caught reading them, you can always say you were looking for the financial section.

Ottawa Letter

Trade and Debate Bogging Down

By John A. Stevenson

THE PACE of progression with the business of the House of Commons remains slow and the Senate has adjourned for lack of work. Oratory is a lost art as far as this Parliament is concerned; still, subjects like unemployment, housing, the industrial status of women, vocational training, pensions and the Niagara Gas Transmission bill did not lend themselves to flights of eloquence.

Members of the opposition have been in an inquisitive mood and, apart from the daily crop of written questions, there are few sittings in which, when the orders of the day are called, Ministers do not have to face a barrage of interrogations about actions of their departments or the general policies of the Government. It falls to the lot of Mr. Howe as temporary leader of the Commons to answer most of the latter type of question and he has been genial and sweet-tempered in dealing with them; he usually treats the opposition as well-meaning people who have little sense of reality, do not appreciate the difficulties involved in governing this country and are full of absurd delusions about the motives of the Ministry.

TRADE MINISTER HOWE

CP

The opposition prolonged the debate on unemployment for nearly another whole day before permitting a division on the Progressive Conservative amendment urging the appointment of a special committee, but the Liberals easily outvoted the combined forces of the opposition. In the course of this debate 57 English-speaking members gave tongue, but not a single one of the 70 or so French-speaking members in the Commons spoke, although unemployment is worse in Quebec than in most of the other provinces.

When a start was at last made with the estimates, a vote for the Department of Public Works gave the opposition another chance to attack the Government's decision to move the National Film Board to Montreal. Speakers rehashed the arguments used in an earlier debate, but on this occasion they had the firm support of G. J. McIlraith, one of Ottawa's two Liberal members, who besought Ministers to postpone work on the projected new building in Montreal until some matters of high policy in regard to the operations of the Board were discussed.

A few days later all the parties in opposition resumed their criticisms of the Government's housing bill and Mr. Winters had to listen to some harsh words about the inadequacy of his plan for relieving the present shortage of housing.

The Government has good reason to be worried by the unpromising start made in the first month of 1954 by our foreign trade, which has always been a buttress of Canadian prosperity. In January, the value of our total exports was lower by $55.9 million or 17.4 per cent than the figure for January, 1953, ($321.3 million) and nearly $100 million below the figure for December, 1953 ($361 million). The value of our imports showed a smaller decline of 14 per cent at $281.9 million as compared with $327.8 million in January, 1953, and was roughly $57 million below the figure for last December, $338.8 million. Accordingly our our total adverse balance of trade for the month rose to $16.5 million as compared with $6.6 million in January, 1953.

It was also ominous that about two-thirds of the total contraction of trade occurred in our exchanges with the United States, by far our most important customer; our exports to and imports from that country were valued respectively at $160.1 and $204.5 million, as compared with $191.7 and $249.2 million in January, 1953. Our adverse trade balance with the U.S. was cut to $44.4 from $57.5 million in January, 1953.

The British must be gratified by evidence that their adverse trade balance with Canada is in process of being reduced to manageable dimensions. In January, our imports from Britain only showed a small decline at a value of $28.8 million as compared with $30.5 million in January, 1953, but the value of our exports to Britain fell by 30 per cent (from $49.5 million to $38.1 million), and Britain's adverse balance was cut from $19 million to $9.3 million.

There were declines in exports for seven out of the nine main groups of commodities. In individual items, the

The fees of inexperience run high . . .

One costly error often made in the name of "economy" is the appointment of a friend or relative as Executor. Unfamiliar with the various ways in which Succession Duties and other taxes can be held to the minimum, the amateur executor may miss many opportunities to effect substantial savings. Or, if he consults experts in taxation, property and business management, administration costs run up.

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most serious fall was in the value of exports of wheat, $25.4 million, which was less than two-thirds of the comparable figure, $38.4 million, for January, 1953. The decline visible in our exports of wheat in the first five months of the present crop year, therefore, gathered momentum in January, and does not substantiate the blithe optimism which Mr. Howe continues to profess about the profitable disposal of our huge stocks of wheat. So far, all our exports of wheat have been from old stocks and not a single bushel of the crop of 1953 has been exported.

C. P. McTague, an eminent member of the Progressive Conservative party, on the eve of its annual conference at Ottawa on March 15-17, offered it some sensible advice about the need for formulating a program which would be more attractive to the voters than its present line of policy. He quite properly prescribed for it a firm adherence to the basic principles of Conservatism and a renunciation of ventures into the field of radical reforms, but most of his suggestions were of a passive character, and in a restless world a party wearing the label "Conservative" can never hope to make much headway with its appeal for votes unless it is prepared to sponsor a substantial number of practical reforms. Lord Quickswood, better known as Lord Hugh Cecil, in an admirable little book called *Conservatism*, declared that a Conservative party should always be ready to lop off "mouldering branches" from the national tree.

It is peculiarly in the interests of the conservative elements in a community, who are always its heaviest taxpayers, to have the administration of the nation's business as efficient and economical as possible, and there is abundant scope for improvement in that direction. The leaders of the Progressive Conservative party might study with profit the report, published in 1919, of a special committee of the Senate on "The Machinery of Government". Its chief promoter and chairman was a Nova Scotian newspaper proprietor, the late Senator John S. McLennan, who was probably the best educated member of the Senate in that era and who was always rated a high Tory in his views. The report, which he helped to frame, covered the whole field of Federal administration and teems with useful constructive suggestions for its improvement, some of which have been adopted and others disregarded. In the latter category is the committee's proposal for the establishment of an independent Public Works Board.

Under the present system, the Federal Department of Public Works has from time immemorial been a perpetual fountain of patronage, no matter what party was in office, and in decisions about appropriations for public works, considerations of party interest have too often been given improper weight. To help supporters of the ruling Ministry, their constituencies have been favored with public works which on their merits deserved a low priority, and constituencies whose members were in opposition were often penalized by being starved of public works which they urgently needed. As a result, the estimates of the Department of Public Works have produced in the House of Commons more bitter and unseemly wrangles and wasted more time than those of any other department.

The McLennan committee of the Senate decided that it was in the broad national interest that the allocation of public works should be removed from partisan control and entrusted to an independent Board, as matters of transportation long have been. Its report proposed that the Public Works Board should report both to the Cabinet and Parliament on all proposals to the Government for expenditures on public works or departmental expenditures such as those for public buildings. It would be the duty of the Board to examine each proposal on its merits and appraise its national importance, its value to the community which would benefit directly from it, and the ratio of these advantages to its estimated cost to the National Treasury. The Board was also to be empowered to employ experts, when it needed them and to propose alternative schemes, and its findings were to be made available to Parliament before the votes for projects referred to it were submitted. Inevitably, there would be politicians of all parties who would object violently to such a Board, but it would, as the report pointed out, safeguard the interests of the taxpayers. It is the sort of constructive reform that the Progressive Conservative party ought to sponsor.

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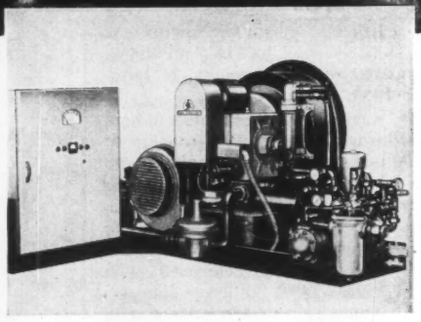

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Foreign Affairs

Appeasement Never Pays

By Willson Woodside

NO ONE, to my knowledge, has ever called President Eisenhower a coward and got away with it. But his obsession with harmony within Republican ranks has led him a long way down the path of appeasement. I have always been confident that the day was bound to come when Eisenhower would let fire a long-pent-up blast at the loathsome McCarthy, which would clear the murky air now gathered over the U.S. and nauseating her friends. But, as the *Washington Post* said in recalling that it had once declared that the election of Eisenhower would make an end to McCarthyism overnight, over 400 nights have now passed and McCarthy is riding higher than ever.

So far, even with his beloved Army under assault and a brigadier-general whom the President himself has praised as a wartime hero being abused by the Senator as not fit to wear the uniform, Eisenhower has gone no further than to "chide" McCarthy (as the *New York Times* put it) or "tap him on the wrist" (as it appeared to the London *News-Chronicle*). This has led Adlai Stevenson to declare that Eisenhower has accepted McCarthyism as the Republican Party's best formula for political success.

It is clear that whatever Ike's advisers are telling him, some of Adlai's advisers doubted the wisdom of this kind of challenge to the President. Stevenson even admitted that some of his listeners might feel that he was making a Republican rather than a Democratic speech, by calling for unity within Republican ranks through a showdown with McCarthy. Of course, there are many Democrats who believe that if McCarthy is only allowed to go along the way he is going, until election time in November, the American voter will rise up and rebuke the Republican Party. These Democratic politicians would rather have Eisenhower go on temporizing with McCarthy.

International

SLOW BURN: Eisenhower, sticking to his vow not to engage in "personalities", has never spoken of McCarthy by name. But he can't avoid it much longer.

A good many others seem to fear that McCarthy will be a real danger to them in an election, with his cry that the Democrats fostered twenty years of treason, and allowed Communists to seep into government at all levels. But they fear even more that the prestige of a president who is already the most popular Republican in a generation, increased by disposing of McCarthy, might sweep his party to victory again in November.

As far as Stevenson himself is concerned, he may be merely taking the high-minded view that McCarthyism is doing so much damage to American society and to American leadership in the free world, that it must be fought for these good and sufficient reasons. If his real purpose is to promote a showdown between Eisenhower and McCarthy I would think he had picked on the most effective accusation, that Eisenhower had knuckled under and accepted McCarthyism because he thought it the surest way to victory this fall.

Very few will believe that. Ike may not be the cleverest president in recent times, but he is reckoned a brave and honorable man. And he has been proved to be a "slow-burner". Just as many were saying that he had been a failure in the first session of Congress, he turned up for the second with a carefully laid-out program of legislation and proceeded to sell it so effectively in advance meetings with Congressional leaders that it was generally conceded it would be passed.

It would be astonishing if the same kind of slow burn were not going on in his mind in connection with McCarthy. He is very amenable to party advice on preserving harmony and an "unbroken front". He has been more careful than any recent president to respect the field of action of Congress, and refrain from encroaching on it, or "fighting" Congress. But I believe that the memory of his first compromise with McCarthy, in refraining during the 1952 election from defending his revered chief in McCarthy's home state, after the Senator had said that General Marshall had pursued a traitorous policy for years, still burns in Ike's mind. Some day it will break out in flaming anger.

One can imagine the political arguments, towards which Ike has up to

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LONGMANS

CHALLENGE to McCarthy has been laid down by Dulles (above), in demoting State Department aide, Scott McLeod, protégé of the Senator.

now taken a humble attitude, as one who has had no training in politics and must take advice. The party must come first. You have to expect to have all kinds of people in the party; if we are to preserve the two-party system in America, then each party has to include people in all walks of life, some of whom may not be very pleasant. We may not like McCarthy and his crude methods, but an awful lot of people think he's "got something" in his campaign to "dig out the Communists". And also: supposing you decide to get rid of him, how are you going to do it? Even such a master politician as Franklin Roosevelt never succeeded in "purging" senators he didn't like. The folks back home just get their back up against interference from outside the state.

These are the arguments that have prevailed so far, it would seem. But we can count on McCarthy not to leave things alone; his ambition has too obviously been feeding on the raw meat he has been eating. Now that he has forced the mighty U.S. Army to back down in its defiance of him, is he going to allow Secretary of State John Foster Dulles to get away with the defiance implied in the demotion of a McCarthy protégé, McLeod, recently ousted from control of State Department personnel? Will McCarthy leave unchallenged the expected Dulles decision against firing John Paton Davies, for years a target of the Senator? Washington doesn't think so. Dulles, however, is one of the few who have shown themselves able to tangle with McCarthy. There isn't undue worry about him holding his own; but it could develop into another of McCarthy's persistent incursions into foreign policy, and demand the president's intervention.

Another executive department on which renewed McCarthy attack is expected is the Central Intelligence Agency, the only one to have completely repelled his assault up to now. This, as it happens, is also run by a Dulles—Allen Welsh Dulles, brother of the Secretary of State and an important figure in the wartime OSS. Still another case in which presidential intervention might be called for would be a follow-up investigation of the Army. Here, McCarthy has vowed to recall General Zwicker to the stand.

Considering McCarthy's insolent defiance of the president after the latter's very mild statement on the case of Army Secretary Stevens, it just doesn't seem possible that a showdown can be postponed until after the November elections. The question of giving the nation the leadership it expects and must have from the president, and which it can get from no one else, is bound to prevail over all meaner—and quite possibly false—political calculations.

The affair has grown as big as it is partly because the Eisenhower Administration is packed with political babes who have no idea of how to handle a tough, agile, political freebooter like McCarthy. But if these people are babes in politics they are important, respected men in industry. The resignation of Deputy Defence Secretary Kyes, and of one of Stevens's chief aides, shows that they will not put up with this sort of treatment for long.

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ANDRE MALRAUX: Art is a revolt against man's fate.

Books

It's Not Art And It Isn't Pretty

By Robertson Davies

IT IS WITH CONSIDERABLE misgiving that I set out on the task of reviewing two important books of art criticism which lie before me, one by Bernard Berenson, and the other by André Malraux. Both books present carefully considered and deeply interesting points of view which are, in several respects, contradictory. Am I expected to arbitrate between them? It is as though some mole, struggling painfully into the light from his subterranean gloom, were asked to referee a fight between two eagles, high in the upper air. My artistic friends have made it plain to me that in matters relating to painting and sculpture, I am a dolt. Should I not, then, hand these books over to an art critic, to be dealt with? No: Berenson and Malraux have chosen to write books, and books are my particular province; I think that I may claim to know something about books. So, strapping on my paper wings, and adjusting a few quill pens for tail feathers, I soar heavily from the ground, hoping to find out what the eagles are quarrelling over.

I am prepared to believe anything that Bernard Berenson says about pictures, because he is such a winning writer. His authority rests not only upon his fabulous knowledge of Italian Renaissance art, but upon his cultivation in virtually every sphere; he is surely one of the best-informed and wisest men living, and what he writes has the ring of truth in it. His latest book, *Seeing and Knowing*, consists of forty pages of prose, in which he sets upon the painters of our day with a broad-axe, and eighty-eight monochrome reproductions of pictures which have a bearing on his argument.

Because Berenson is eighty-eight years old, there will certainly be people who will attribute his attack upon modern art to the peevishness of one who can no longer keep up with art's progress. Lay not that flattering unction to your soul! Berenson's tone in this book is urbane and reasonable, as always, and it is a continuation of the line of criticism which established him as the most authoritative writer on the art of the Renaissance. He is not an "expert", floundering helplessly as soon as he is out of his own "period"; he is a great critic who has made himself the greatest authority on a particular period. He is not out of sympathy with the ideas and ideals of modern artists, but he is out of sympathy with the means—slipshod and meretricious, in his view—by which they make those ideas and ideals manifest to the world.

Berenson believes that representational art is the only art worthy of the name, and he believes that in that vast field the most important factor is the representation of the human nude, with landscape as a second-best. During the past fifty years he feels that art has dealt in "confusion, struttings, blusterings, solemn puerilities", but he has words of comfort: "in past ages, art has sunk as low, although probably with no such smirking self-adulation, as it has today"; and he thinks that we shall pull through, though we may take a couple of centuries to do so. How? According to Berenson, art is a history of refreshment by genius, derivation and copying of that genius,

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1. Keep your weight down. As we grow older, the heart finds it harder to do the extra work which excess weight places on it. While a normal heart is handicapped by obesity, the burden of excess pounds may be a particularly serious hazard for the heart that is impaired.

2. Make moderation the keynote of your daily living. When you rest, so does your heart. This is why sufficient sleep every night and plenty of relaxation are so important. You may help spare your heart possible strain if you avoid all excesses such as too much work under tension or strenuous exercise taken in "spurts."

3. Have all heart symptoms promptly investigated. Such symptoms as pain or a feeling of oppression in the chest, shortness of breath, rapid or irregular heartbeat cause untold worry and anxiety. While these symptoms may indicate heart trouble, they frequently are due to other causes and may be of little importance. Under any circumstances it is wise to have such symptoms promptly checked by your doctor.

4. Do not neglect periodic medical examinations. Regular check-ups often reveal heart disorders in their earliest stages when the chances for control . . . and perhaps cure . . . are best. It is wise to have complete examinations yearly . . . or as often as the doctor recommends.

Although heart disease is a major health problem, important gains are being made against it. Methods of diagnosis have become more exact and means of controlling many heart conditions increasingly effective. As a result, more and more heart patients today can lead happy, useful lives . . . and frequently enjoy their full span of years.

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and then refreshment by a new genius. The last genius to appear, in his view, was Cézanne, and there has been no one to refresh and revivify art since his day. Only a succession of brilliant tricksters, of whom Picasso is the most gifted and most perverse. Thus Berenson.

André Malraux writes from a sharply different point of view in *The Voices of Silence*. Here, in 642 pages of the most tempestuous, heaving, voluptuously romantic prose that I have ever read, he sets forth his creed that art is a revolt against man's fate. And what is man's fate? So far as I can descry amid the rich glooms of his exposition, it is simply this: that life is short, often wretched, and ends in death. Art is man's protest, his assertion of what is undying and noble in his nature.

Now it is easy to see why Malraux and Berenson are at odds. To Berenson, painting and sculpture are certainly assertions of the nobility and immortality of the human spirit, but he feels that this work should be limited by the perceptions of the eye. Malraux's appreciation of art is in a great degree subjective, and in the finished product he is often ready to take the will for the deed. And in trying to make plain what these two writers mean I find that I am getting into the difficulty which plagues them both: it is very hard, if not downright impossible, to talk about one art in terms of another, and to describe the effect of painting and sculpture in words.

Let me, greatly daring, attempt a simplification. Let us suppose that Berenson and Malraux are confronted by a picture, the work of an unknown artist. Berenson will form his opinion solely on how well the artist has succeeded in conveying his ideas about the subject, by means of drawing and color; he will take into account the artist's intention, but it will be his achievement which will fix the final judgment. Malraux, standing before the same picture, will give weight to the artist's intention, to his religion, to the spirit of the age in which he lived, to his politics, to anything and everything which could possibly have had a bearing on the conception and execution of the picture, and in his final judgment the excellence of its execution may not weigh very heavily. Berenson regards art as a means of communication and wants it to be reasonably comprehensible to the world: Malraux regards it principally as the artist's personal statement, for the world to understand if it can. In short, Berenson's view is classical, and Malraux's is romantic.

This cleavage between them is amply clear in their prose. Berenson strips his writing down to the bones. There is no ambiguity anywhere; his Yea is his Yea, and his Nay, his Nay. Wisdom and insight are everywhere to be found in his books, distilled and expressed with economical beauty. Malraux writes a beautiful prose, also, but with what a difference!

Like all romantics, he cannot resist the full palette, and while this makes for passages of great beauty, it also makes for pages of muddle. With hair-raising abandon, he brings literature and music to his aid when he is talking about painting and sculpture, and though this is sometimes illuminating it is just as often like dropping a bottle of ink into a bathtub full of clear water. His book is heavily charged with pity for the fate of man, and pity is a treacherous emotion; it can be noble at one moment and maudlin the next. Nor, it must be said, is everyone so convinced that the life of man is a vale of tears as is André Malraux; to feel greatly is a very fine thing, but it is also part of man's fate to think, and it is often astonishing how a fairly short period of thought can brighten a gloomy prospect.

Yet I would not for the world disparage this book, which has filled me with admiration and provided me with illumination which I sorely need. It is a very important book, in that it contains the deep convictions of a man of great knowledge, sensibility and literary skill. It is the book above all others that I would give to a young man or woman caught up in the greatness and mystery of painting and sculpture; it is not a youthful book, in any sense of being immature or insufficient, but it is addressed to the youthful spirit; it is a book for those who are discovering life, and it is a fine chart for such discovery. Berenson's book is for minds which are harder, clearer, less patient with

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urges of feeling, romantic aspiration —all that which the nineteenth century implied in the words "poesy and fuzzem". Berenson provides you with a glass of a very finely distilled wisdom from which to sip. Malraux provides you with a glorious tank in which you may be submerged and from which, years later, you may never wring yourself dry. As to which is the better, I know my own choice, but as for making a public judgment between them—well, that isn't for the likes of me.

SEEING AND KNOWING—by Bernard Berenson—pp. 48 and 88 plates—*British Books*—$4.00.

THE VOICES OF SILENCE—by André Malraux, translated by Stuart Gilbert — pp. 661 superbly produced in heliogravure, with 15 color plates and hundreds of pictures in monochrome—*Doubleday*—$27.50.

In Brief

J. S. WOODSWORTH, A MAN TO REMEMBER —by Grace MacInnis—pp. 336 illustrated and indexed—*Macmillan*—$4.50.

This biography is important because Woodsworth, founder and long-time leader of the CCF party, was a great Canadian and time takes even memory, unless the memorabilia are set down on paper. Grace MacInnis, who has written this biography of her father, is the wife of Angus MacInnis, CCF Member of Parliament, and she has been close to the inner councils of that party since it was formed in 1932. She writes therefore with political as well as personal knowledge.

Why was J. S. Woodsworth a great Canadian? Strong conscience, outspokenness, sacrifice of personal gain and family welfare, alone do not explain this claim. Although it is not patent in the biography, Woodsworth was always a prominent minority of one. Of such stuff are dictators and saints made.

Woodsworth was not a dictator because he had a conscience. He was not a saint because his Methodist conscience liked to lie down—albeit with God—on plush. The biography is a faithful, affectionate record, only occasionally piously filial and femininely sentimental.

PRELUDE TO WORLD WAR II—by Gaetano Salvemini—pp. 519—*Doubleday*—$8.25.

Professor Salvemini is in the 81st year of his life. The maturation of his liberal philosophy of history came during the tragedy of the League of Nations, which is central to this long, detailed survey. It is an apodictic account of men and times losing integrity and bringing the world to the ruin of 1939. Italian affairs between the two world wars are the hub of the history. The writer was professor in Florence until 1925; he quit Mussolini's Italy for Britain and Harvard. He is now back at his old Florentine post.

Dr. Salvemini pins the responsibility for the decisions of those fraught times on politicians and diplomats. His indictment is not alone of Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin. British Conservatives get a scholarly castigation; even Eden, "the Archangel of the League", with his "art of half-truth and evasion".

The panorama of Europe in limbo is so detailed in its etching that a general reader could wish for the bold omissions and interpretations of a painter.

ISLANDS OF DEATH — by S. Pidhainy — pp. 240—*Burns & MacEachern*—$3.50.

True-to-life stories of unjust arrest and punishment, of brutality, anguish, torture and of personal triumph over them, have a special fascination. They appeal to our sympathy, our sense of justice, our heroic hearts—and to the beast in us. If the story is of Communist atrocities, it has the added attraction of being politically pleasing. Mr. Pidhainy is true-to-life. He now lives in Canada and his story of his eight years (from 1933) in a slave labor camp on the Solovly Islands, in the Russian north by the White Sea, has the cachet of truth and prefatory notes by Messrs. Igor Gouzenko and Watson Kirkconnell.

Pidhainy was arrested and incarcerated because he was a Kuban-Ukrainian nationalist and, as he admits without modesty, a member of the intelligentsia. During the war he made common cause with the Germans in the Ukraine. The general authenticity of his story is attested by other, similar accounts; its credibility is lessened by considerable passages of hearsay and some minor dicrepancies.

CRASH KAVANAGH—by Anthony Richardson —pp. 256—*Clarke, Irwin*—$3.00.

Twice nine hundred pounds of storming motorcycle struck the ramps with a crash, as the two riders simultaneously made the double leap at speed. It was Number Four item of the Reg Kavanagh Hell-Drivers' display, somewhere East of Suez . . . That's the first paragraph of this thriller-diller biography of the man headlined as "living with death". The British heller, ladies and gents, has been defying (for pay) blazing, crashing death in cars, planes and bikes blandly (that's the biographer's pet word) ever since he was a boy in the mid-twenties. Makes your hair rise, or did in the dear old days when you had hair and went with a popsicle to the Ex. to see the stunt drivers.

NATION OF THE NORTH, Canada Since Confederation—by D. M. LeBourdais—pp. 270 with bibliography and index—*Methuen*—$3.75.

SUDBURY BASIN—by D. M. LeBourdais—pp. 210, indexed—*Ryerson*—$3.00.

Two books in the last twelve months is a good pace, even for a writer of Mr. LeBourdais's energetic pen and mind. However, there is a contiguity in the subjects. The author, who is of French-Canadian descent but was raised in British Columbia, has made the Canadian North and near-North (like Sudbury) his special field.

Nation of the North is a good, reassuring, opinionated book for Canadians to read and have. The author's bias is towards Canada the Nation for which the Twentieth Century was made. It is preponderantly a personal recollection, an assessment from un-

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academic studies. Mr. LeBourdais has lived as a journalist through and with our biggest times. He has the gumption to say what others will not: that notwithstanding the romanticism of the French period "a knowledge of the French regime is not essential to an understanding of modern Canada". He also says that aside from Confederation itself, "The most important events in the era under consideration have occurred since World War I". Put that in your pipe, and puff, historians.

Sudbury Basin is a valuable regional history, sociologically, industrially and economically. Nickel subsidizes both Sudbury and this book. Although mining is a "wasting industry", the author thinks that metals and other products of the earth below its first few inches will ultimately provide the basis for Canada's culture, in place of agriculture. Are oil, iron, nickel and pitchblende to be our alien corn?

WHITE MAN'S COUNTRY, Lord Delamere and the Making of Kenya—by Elspeth Huxley—2 vols., pp. 315 & 333—*Clarke, Irwin*—$7.50 a set.

Sir Charles Eliot was the progenitor of white settlement in Kenya, Lord Delamere its protagonist, and Mrs. Huxley is its historian. Vol. 1 covers the years 1879 to 1914; Vol. II carries the lively story to 1931, the time of Delamere's death on his sheep farm in the Kenya highlands to which he had given his allegiance for 34 of his fantastically enterprising 61 years. The history was first published in 1935. This is a new edition.

The author's sympathy with Delamere's painful and expensive creation of a white economy in Kenya spares neither his florid life nor British bureaucracy's absurdities. The Indian claim to Kenya for Indian settlement and exploitation—let the white go to Canada—is put down and out, though the Indian population is now twice as large as it was in Delamere's day.

CRATERS OF FIRE—by Haroun Tazieff—pp. 239, translated from the French, illustrated—*Musson*—$3.50.

Rimbaud wrote in *Les Illuminations*: "And the Queen, the sorceress, who fans the live embers in her earthen pot will never tell us what she knows and what we do not know". Haroun Tazieff feels like other men, but more intimately, the mystery and terrifying power of volcanoes, and has a passionate hobby for strolling with camera and notebook on the brink of belching death. So he, more than most men, knows what sorcery there is in the earthen pot. He has stood by a wall of heat at Etna and measured a temperature of 1,110 degrees centigrade. This personal history of volcanoes the world over has scientific authority and descriptive power. Amazing man, amazing record.

THE VICTORIAN MOUNTAINEERS—by Ronald Clark—pp. 232 illustrated and indexed—*Clarke, Irwin*—$3.75.

As the author says, there is something a little surprising and slightly indecorous about the fact that the Victorians, the bearded gentlemen from the family albums, provided the first considerable body of mountaineers that the world has ever known. They climbed not for conquest but to bring mountains under their scientific investigation and into comfortable Victorian propinquity; yet they climbed, too, in search of assurance that Deity existed above their science and materialism. The book is a delightful stereoscopic picture of bowler-hatted gentlemen and ladies with umbrellas crossing the Mer de Glace. It is a Batsford Book, a recommendation in itself.

T. J. A.

•

Chess Problem

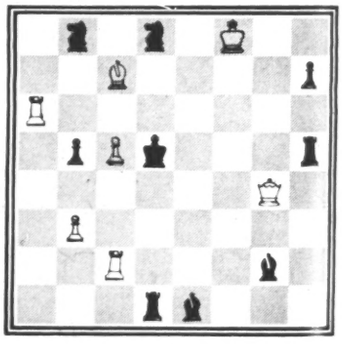
By "Centaur"

IN A TWO-MOVER the white Queen can give a maximum of twelve mates. To accomplish this task, the Queen must stand relatively distant from the black King, as Q2 is to K5. Neither piece can stand on any of the border squares of the board, nor on any of the four squares in each corner of this inner 6x6 square. The permissible twenty squares form a Grecian cross, and the theme was consequently named the Queen's Cross.

Together the white Queen and the black King may be moved into ten separate positions, and this makes use of all the squares within the cross. This is a case of the rare "absolute loci" mentioned Nov. 28 last, in which the whole theme group is subject to change by being moved around on the board.

Problem No. 57, by M. Marble

Black—Nine Pieces.



White—Seven Pieces.

White mates in two.

J. C. J. Wainwright's fifty examples of the Queen's Cross, in his comprehensive analysis in Alain White's "Les Tours de Force," 1906, seemed to exhaust the subject. But the book had hardly appeared when it was found that the use of threat keys permitted an entirely new interpretation. And No. 57 above is one of some fifty or more new renderings that were discovered.

Solution of Problem No. 56

Key-move 1.Q-R5, waiting. If R-Q5; 2.QR-K3 mate. If R else; 2.Q-K1 mate. If Kt-Kt4; 2.Q-R8 mate. If QKt else; 2.Q-Q5 mate. If Kt-B4; 2.QxR mate. If Kt-B3; 2.Kt-Kt5 mate. If KKt else; 2.QxP mate. If B-K4; 2.KR-K3 mate.

Films

Sponges and Bends

By Mary Lowrey Ross

FOR LONG stretches in *Beneath the Twelve-Mile Reef*, the wide curved screen is turned into a vast aquarium, with eels, sting-rays, giant squids and turtles nosing confidently right up to the audience. At intervals, Terry Moore and Robert Wagner get into the under-water act, and this part is fine, since the principals appear to be able to do practically anything under water except talk. Considering the quality of the dialogue provided for them when they do surface ("I'm a very beautiful young man!"—"Cut it out, Greek!") this is no disadvantage at all.

The setting is Florida and the story has to do with the feud carried on by the Greek sponge-divers and the English Conchs who also harvest sponges and feel they have to defend their home waters. The two groups meet only to fight, and when the Romeo of the piece (Robert Wagner), a Greek, falls in love with his dungaree-clad Juliet (Terry Moore), a Conch, the fighting is considerably intensified. The resulting noise, when conveyed by four stereophonic sound-tracks, is enough to make you welcome the relatively peaceful under-water sequences, where no one is threatened by anything worse than giant squids and a bad case of the bends.

The real villain of the piece is, of course, the Twelve-Mile Reef, which lurks somewhere off Key West waiting to destroy any Greek or Conch who goes after bigger, better sponges. The reef gets Pop at the first attempt—unfortunately, since Pop is played by Gilbert Roland, a good enough actor to survive the hazards of the dialogue.

Even CinemaScope isn't high and wide enough to encompass the Reef. You have to take the word of Pop, who dies lugubriously of the bends, that it's no place for a sponge-diver who wants to die in his bed.

I was half way home after seeing *The Man Between* before I stopped to ask myself just why Mr. Malenkov's boys felt it necessary to kidnap Hildegarde Neff. It seemed reasonable enough while I was watching the story, with the special sort of reason that operates in a nightmare. I still haven't quite figured it out. I suspect that Director Carol Reed, who was responsible for the production, was more interested in nightmares than in strict ideological plotting.

As a nightmare, the film succeeds admirably. It was made in Berlin, which is revealed with a sort of casual brutality, as an abomination of desolation. There is quite enough in the setting itself, and in the special activities it creates, to fasten a sense of horror on the imagination, particularly since the activities seem to spring from sheer malevolence, without much intelligent meaning. Then, too, Director Reed knows exactly how to load his camera with menace and terror. The shot of a kidnap car, heavily blotched with snow, prowling a dark Berlin Street, in Reed's hands becomes a mechanical horror, instinct with evil.

The kidnap car had been sent to pick up Bettina (Hildegarde Neff), the German wife of a British officer in the occupational force. Instead, it kidnaps her sister-in-law (Claire Bloom), an English girl who is in Berlin visiting her brother. Pretty Miss Bloom is whisked off to the Eastern Zone, where she becomes the special charge of the Man Between (James Mason), a German operator whom she soon finds irresistible. There follows a rat-race through the darkened East Berlin section, brilliantly staged in the best Carol Reed manner. There is enough suspense created in these final sequences to cover up, momentarily at least, any confusions of plot. There is also enough authority in the performances of both James Mason and Hildegarde Neff to suggest that they may know what they are about from moment to moment. It wasn't always quite clear to me.

Walking My Baby Back Home is a musical, with nothing whatever to commend it except the presence of Donald O'Connor, who is largely wasted. He is cast here as the leader of a band which flops whenever it is tried out, for reasons no one is likely to dispute.

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The Backward Glance

Nine Years Ago This Week

BY MARCH 17, 1945, the allied armies had pushed into Germany, and the end of the war was in sight, at least the end of the war with the Berlin pole of the Berlin-Tokyo axis. The first item in The Front Page dealt with that political football, Votes for 18-Year-Olds, but SATURDAY NIGHT was not much in favor of the prevailing mood, which it called "emotional". Other subjects dealt with included the San Francisco Conference, the Fortunes of War, Pettiness In Pensions, Manufacturing Criminals. There was also a tribute to Dr. H. J. Cody.

On page two was a photograph of Miss Marjorie McKenzie, who was described as "Keeper of the Secrets and the Conscience of the Department of External Affairs". On page three was a Low cartoon showing a Hitler limping away between a pair of crutches, still shouting that he would go on to the bitter end.

Dr. Charlotte Whitton, CBE, went on record as saying that the Baby Bonus plan involved waste and duplication; the Post Office ran a large advertisement telling letter writers to write legibly; and Bruce Barton, American literary Pooh-Bah, helped out the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. with a testimonial about his life insurance policy. Brigadier J. H. Morgan, KC, gave out with the same old wishful thinking under the heading, "This Time There Must Be Real Disarmament". Arthur A. Ballantyne, former Under Secretary of the United States Treasury, probably regretted in later years the piece he had written for the *New York Times*, and which had been reprinted by SATURDAY NIGHT. In this piece he praised Henry Wallace, and called Wallace's critics "men of little vision".

There is no form of prognostication that proves itself premature week after week more often than science writing (or to give it its true title, "science fiction"). Under the department heading, "The Science Front" a writer called John Windrow heralded the immediate post-war possibility of mail deliveries by rocket. Right now, nine years after the end of the war, we do not seem to be any closer to civilian use of the rocket than we were then, and, come to think of it, we are hardly in the ground-breaking stage of the use of atomic power for peaceful purposes, either.

The London Letter took an optimistic stand on the quick conversion of the British motor industry from war to peace, and the writer said, "There is something so exhilarating about the thought of a new car, that the average Briton won't care how small it is". The average Briton's exhilaration certainly had to last a long time after VJ Day.

Pouishnoff, a Russian concert pianist, told a Nottingham audience that the only reason he had consented to play on the piano given him was that there would have been no concert otherwise. He lambasted British pianos, and was applauded by his fellow pianists all over England. We wonder what would have been the reaction if he had been playing in Nottingham in 1954. He would probably have been told, in no uncertain terms, to push off, Pouishnoff, and play your Stravinsky on your own samovar. By the way, wasn't it a Russian who invented the piano? Or maybe we're thinking of Alexander Fleminsky, the discoverer of penicillin.

The Bookshelf was in a fey mood on March 17, 1945 for it headed its reviews, "Jaunts in the Never Never Land With a Joyous, Mad Guide", which causes us to think it was written by a woman; a woman, perhaps, who gets a bang out of making joyous, mad little sandwich rolls held together with toothpicks. The mad guide referred to was James Thurber, whose book *The Thurber Carnival* was given the top review. Other books reviewed were *Apartment In Athens* by Glenway Wescott, *Return to the Vineyard* by Mary Loos and Walter Duranty, *The Battle Within* by Philip Gibbs, and *A Great Time To Be Alive* by Harry Emerson Fosdick.

The war years were great ones for economy drives in business, industry and government, some of them warranted, some of them sensible, and many of them ridiculous. Those years were marked by tremendous waste of materials and the penny-pinching saving of a few dollars or pounds of steel and paper. Automobile licence plates were kept for more than one year, or reduced to one plate per car, and office straw bosses, anxious to do their bit for the war effort blasted clerks and typists for not using both sides of every sheet of paper.

Our old friends of the Ontario Liquor Control Board got into the act by asking their patrons (who had already sacrificed their alcohol to the war effort) not to destroy their current liquor permits, which were to be extended, on payment of another dollar, for another year.

Other signs of war excitement were advertisements such as the one by Magic Baking Powder which began with the curious slogan, "Save sugar—bake a delicious cake", and menus made up for those people who were donating blood.

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Sports

Whose Ox Gored?

By Jim Coleman

THIS TIRED OLD HEART bleeds every time that I hear or read of the inhospitable treatment to which Messrs. Victor Seixas and Anthony Trabert were subjected on their most recent tour of Australia. The American tourists, since their return to the United States, have described the Antipodean natives as unfriendly.

Despite the fact that they have been safe in their homeland for several months, Messrs. Seixas and Trabert still are exhibiting their wounds on the slightest provocation. When interviewed by the newspapers or when questioned on radio or television, Seixas and Trabert have comported themselves with rather painful dignity. Their manner seems to suggest that they're saying, "for ourselves, we wouldn't bother mentioning this but—by gad, sir—the Australians insulted the American flag".

Messrs. Seixas and Trabert are very young American tennis players who were sent to Australia on an important sporting mission. Theirs was no international goodwill junket—they were under instructions to return to America with the Davis Cup, a trophy which represents the world tennis championship and which is prized highly by the Australians who have held it for several years.

Under the circumstances, the Australians scarcely could be expected to drop to their knees and greet their visitors as conquering heroes. Americans often find it difficult to understand the resentment which their well-meant presence causes in other countries. The Australians, for their part, are world champions in any field of resenting.

It appears now that the young Americans were ill-equipped, emotionally, for the task of regaining the Davis Cup. In sports parlance, the Americans — Seixas, particularly — were handicapped by "rabbit ears". That is to say that they were unable to ignore the ribald, tantalizing and often raucous comments of the Australian tennis galleries. The Americans brought disaster on themselves by betraying their own hypersensitivity.

It was Seixas who gave away the show. He was nervous and irritable in a warm-up tournament and he committed the fatal error of complaining publicly over the rulings of one of the Australian court judges. The partisan Aussies in the stands jumped on him gleefully. Up to that point, the audiences had been polite but they had been awaiting the opportunity to sink their verbal harpoons. It is likely that the Davis Cup was won and lost in that preliminary tournament because, after that, the rattled Seixas gave only spasmodic displays of his real court brilliance.

The only American who maintained his emotional equilibrium in the Davis Cup matches was Billy Talbert, the non-playing captain. Talbert nearly regained the Cup by benching Seixas, going on the court himself to partner Trabert in the doubles match which the Americans won.

It was in the penultimate singles match that Tony Trabert was exposed to the "hostility" of the Australians, about which he is now complaining. Playing against young Lewis Hoad, Trabert double-faulted on a crucial service and the Australians in the stands broke into unrestrained applause. Trabert blew his roof and blew the match.

Trabert apparently felt that, in a spirit of true sportsmanship, the Australians should have sympathized with him when he double-faulted. The ruffians were very unkind to express their delight over the commission of an error which, almost certainly, assured the retention of the Davis Cup.

It is slightly amusing to hear an American athlete express such an opinion. After all, baseball is known as the American "national pastime" and baseball is a game in which Americans taught the rest of the world that frustration is to be greeted

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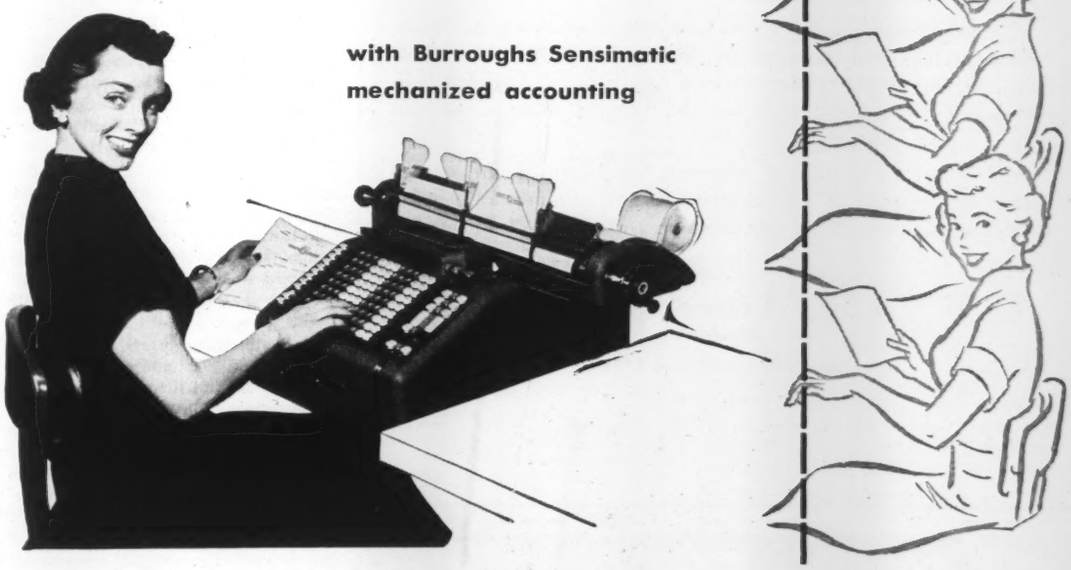

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Haphazard . . .

The other day we heard of a professor who had a peculiar system for marking examination papers. The papers he set were always of the essay type . . . that is, each question was to be answered by a short essay. On his retirement, he made a confession.

"The questions I asked were always ones for which there were no hard and fast answers. Therefore, it was difficult to decide which were right and which were wrong. There were three steps leading down from my office and at examination time I would stand at the top and drop all the papers. The ones that landed on the top step got A's . . . the ones that landed on the second step got B's . . . those that landed on the bottom got C's."

It might be considered an understatement to say that the professor's methods were slightly haphazard. Unfortunately, many investors use methods equally as haphazard when buying securities. They may neglect to investigate before they invest . . . they may buy on tips or rumours and let enthusiasm run away with good judgment . . . they may invest without purpose . . . or even make an indiscriminate selection of securities, sound in themselves, but unsuited to their particular requirements.

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by cries of delight and the man who errs in a moment of crisis is heckled with great enthusiasm.

Your agent has watched many baseball games in Major League parks. Frequently, we have seen a great star come to the plate with an opportunity to win the game and then he has swung ignominiously at the third strike. Although I have cudgelled my memory, I don't recall hearing, under such circumstances, the spectators rising *en massé* and crying: "Oh, well tried, well tried!" or "Hard lines, old chap."

I seem to recall that, in those circumstances, the spectators were very, very unsympathetic.

Messrs. Seixas and Trabert really were treated quite gently by the Australians who, in the past, have demonstrated that they can be extremely rude and biased sports spectators.

There was, for instance, the infamous series of cricket Test Matches in which a visiting English team engaged the Aussies more than 20 years ago. England's most formidable bowler was a left-hander named Harold Larwood who propelled the ball so swiftly that opposing batsmen swore that it didn't appear to be any larger than an aspirin tablet. It was a sticky wicket, old chap, and Larwood had the Australian batsmen looking for bomb-shelters when his devastating deliveries bounced erratically after making contact with the turf.

Several Australian batsmen were injured and others narrowly escaped decapitation as Larwood whizzed the ball towards the stumps. Australian indignation was swift but unjustified; Larwood was accused of deliberately bowling at the batsmen, instead of at the stumps.

The Australian press fanned the hysteria and the nonsense went to such lengths that there was some talk of Australia withdrawing from the British Empire. In a shameful display of timidity, Jardine, the English captain, placated the Australians by declining to play Larwood in subsequent matches.

The Australian spectators virtually drove Larwood out of cricket although their own players insisted that the injuries had been entirely accidental. The real villain of the piece was Jardine who, by yanking Larwood, impugned that player's character.

Messrs. Seixas and Trabert should realize, too, that every country in the world cherishes the desire to take a fall out of the United States in international sports competition. The Americans, deservedly or undeservedly, have established a reputation for "winning at any cost". Accordingly, the rest of the world winks when Americans beat their breasts and expatiate grandiloquently on sportsmanship.

The Americans do not yield international sports trophies any more gracefully than the Australians.

On September 7, 1931, the second heat of the Harmsworth Trophy speedboat races was staged at Detroit. The Trophy was being defended by the United States which was represented by two boats: Miss America IX, driven by Gar Wood, and Miss America VIII, driven by George Wood. The lone challenger was Miss England II, driven by Kaye Don.

Miller Services

VIC SEIXAS: Badly equipped emotionally for the job of winning the Davis Cup from the Australians.

Miss England had won the first heat with ridiculous ease, shattering all speed records for the race.

In the second heat, Gar Wood raced for the starting-line, deliberately beating the starting-gun. Don followed him closely and also beat the gun. Both boats immediately were disqualified. George Wood, who had followed at a more prudent pace, simply jaunted around the course to win the heat, unopposed.

Not only that, but Gar Wood cut in front of Miss England. Don's boat was overturned by the wash and sank. America retained the Harmsworth Trophy by default.

After the race, Gar Wood admitted cheerfully that he had lured Don across the starting-line, knowing that both boats would be disqualified and permitting Miss America VIII to win, unchallenged.

Booooo! Booooo!! Booooooo!!!

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT at a meeting of the Directors of Consolidated Press Limited, held on March 5th, 1954, a dividend of Sixteen and One Quarter (16¼) cents per share on the Class "A" Shares of the Company for the Quarter ended 31st of December, 1952 was declared payable April 1st, 1954, to shareholders of record March 15th, 1954.

By Order of the Board.

WILLIAM ZIMMERMAN, Q.C.
Secretary.

Toronto, Ontario
March 9th, 1954.

Business

Denationalizing Steel Is British Headache

By HAROLD WINCOTT

THE BRITISH CONSERVATIVE Party when in opposition never set its sights very high in the matter of reversing the Labor Government's nationalization program. Between 1945 and 1951, the Labor Party nationalized the Bank of England, the coal industry, the railways, gas and electricity, external cable and wireless communications and the airways, all long-distance road haulage and many bus routes, and the steel industry. Of these, despite dire threats when in opposition to slit the throat of such-and-such a Bill from ear to ear when returned to office, the Conservatives are denationalizing only long-distance road haulage and the steel industry.

They must by now be feeling thankful that their denationalization commitments are no larger, for their experience with the job of handing the steel industry back to private ownership has become one of their major headaches. The Bill providing for this became law in July 1953. Under the Iron and Steel Act, the Iron and Steel Holding and Realization Agency ("Ishra") was set up to acquire from the British Iron and Steel Corporation a State body, all the securities of steel companies that corporation acquired from the public in February, 1951. Heading "Ishra" is Sir John Morison, an accountant of great experience who, in the inter-war years, unravelled the incredibly complex mess which the old Royal Mail Steam Packet Company left behind after the Kylsant crash of the late twenties. To assist Sir John, a consortium of London's most notable merchant banks, issuing houses and brokers was established. Yet it seems highly probable at the time of writing that "Ishra" will be remembered for its holding rather than its realization activities.

The first offer of shares was launched at the end of October last, when 14 million £1 Ordinary shares of the United Steel Companies were offered to the public at 25s. a share. There was certainly nothing wrong with the shares, as shares. At the offer price, the dividend yield was 7¼ per cent, three times covered by earnings. United Steel is our biggest and one of our best steel undertakings. Technically and financially it is in fine fettle. The yield offered was about 2 per cent better than that obtainable on any comparable industrial share. Subscription terms could hardly have been easier, for British Government securities could be tendered in payment at agreed prices in lieu of cash. On top of all this, the entire issue was underwritten firmly by the consortium.

At first flush, the offer was the most sensational success. Applications for a total of 42 million shares were received from no fewer than 52,000 individual applicants. Yet as the story has unfolded itself, it has become clear that the operation was *too* successful, but in a fashion which condemned it — and possibly all succeeding issues — to failure. The trouble centred itself around what we call "stags" and what I believe are known in North America as "free-riders". The word got around that there must be a handsome premium on the shares as soon as dealings started, and speculators up and down the country poured in their applications. There *was* an opening premium, but not a very substantial one—3d. a share. Within a week, this premium had run off and ever since the shares have been quoted at a discount which has gradually widened to its present level of 2s. 6d.

It is now plain that the 52,000 individual applications contained a disappointingly small number of applications from genuine investors. The "stags" have been converted into very stale and disgruntled bulls, nursing some quite substantial losses instead of the confidently anticipated profits. As an isolated transaction, of course, this would not have mattered. But the United Steel offering was not an isolated transaction. It was the first of a long series. It involved a sum of about £15½ million out of a possible total of £250 million. And while the stags of this issue were still suffering from indigestion, along came the second offering—of £4½ million Ordinary and £4½ million 5¾ per cent Preference shares of the Lancashire Steel Company.

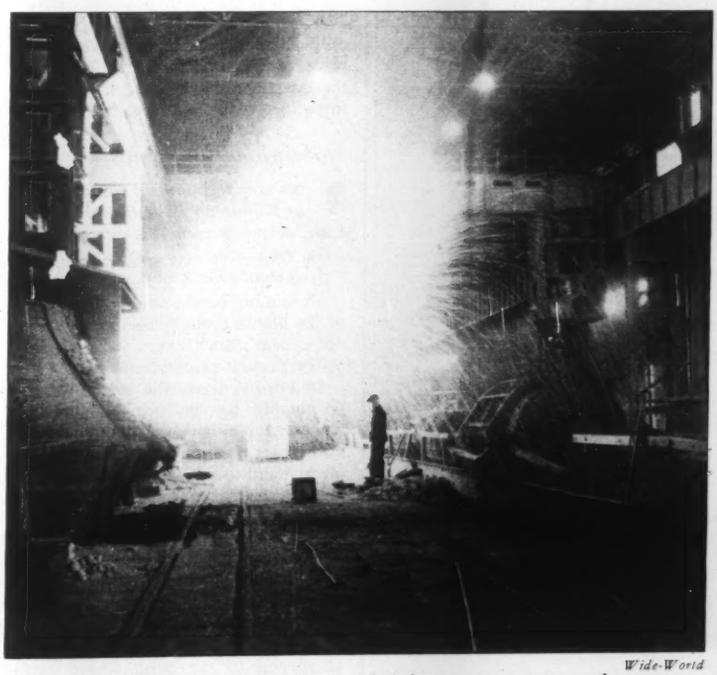
Some people in the City of London thought that as a prelude to the Lancashire Steel offering there must be official buying of United Steel shares to put them at least back to the issue price. But not a bit of it. United Steel were still at a discount when the lists for Lancashire Steel opened. The result for Lancashire Steel was disastrous. There was no oversubscription, no flood of applications this time. The public bought only 11 per cent of the Ordinary; the underwriters took the rest. The Preference went rather better, the public taking 58 per cent. But today, less than a month after the issue, the Ordinary are at 2s. 6d. discount.

Needless to say, the Square Mile is now ringing with recriminations over this rather dire performance. "Ishra" waited too long before it got cracking; too many cooks have spoiled the broth; the steel interests formerly owned by engineering companies such as Vickers and Guest Keen and Nettlefolds should have been repurchased by those companies from the State before the public was brought into the picture, to indicate the confidence of such giants in denationalization; "Ishra" should have supported the market; and so on.

In fact, the fundamental truth seems to be that the British investing public doesn't want steel shares—at least not unless they are offered on a much higher yield basis than has so far been the case. For this there are several reasons. First, of course, there is the Labor Party's threat to re-nationalize the industry when next it assumes office; and the investor fears that renationalization may be on vindictive financial terms. Secondly, there still attaches to the steel industry lingering suspicions, a legacy from the bad days of the twenties and thirties, that it is a heavily cyclical industry, unsuitable for the conservative investor's portfolio. Thirdly, there are at this moment enough signs of the re-emergence of a buyer's market in steel to justify these suspicions. Finally, the British steel industry before nationalization, and when highly prosperous, had a reputation of treating its shareholders rather cavalierly.

The City's one prayer now is that the next offering will be delayed until such time as the two issues already made have passed into firm hands and regained their issue prices; it has to be appreciated that the discounts on these steel shares have been established while the rest of the London Stock Exchange has been very strong and active. To the inevitable question, "Why not cut prices and raise yields to such a level that the investor *will* be attracted?"—there must be such a level — comes the answer that the Government is open to criticism if it sells the industry too cheaply.

The Labor Party, of course, is cock-a-hoop—like a small boy with a big brick who has locked himself in a glasshouse and has only to threaten to throw the brick to give the owner of the glasshouse apoplexy. Paradoxically enough, certain long-headed gentlemen in the City are now arguing that there are merits in United Steel and Lancashire Steel at their present discounts as hedges against a Labor victory at the next general election, whenever that may be. The argument is that whereas all other shares would fall heavily in such an event, steel shares would be well maintained in price—and might even rise to the levels at which they were sold to the public—on the prospect that a Labor Government would buy them back again!



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Bank of Nova Scotia

WOULD YOU *consider Bank of Nova Scotia stock a good investment from the point of view of very long-term appreciation?—C. I. C., Toronto.*

This stock, from the long-term view, is an excellent investment medium. However, as with all other stocks, buying must be deferred until a buying opportunity is presented. At the present time, with the yield less than can be obtained in high grade bonds, it appears to be rather high in its trading range for your purpose.

Bank stocks and other high grade commons such as Bell Telephone have been moving upwards in concert with the bond market for quite some time, in what is apparently a further indication of money moving from more speculative common stocks into areas of greater security.

With this demand pushing bond prices upwards, it would seem best to concentrate on bonds until this stock retreats into a buying range near 38.

Century Oils

I HAVE *500 shares of Century Oils purchased at 39 cents. It is now 16½. Is there any chance of this stock coming back up to 39?—J. S., Altona, Man.*

At last report the company held interests in five producing oil wells and in approximately 15,400 acres of leases and 58,000 acres of reservations. The last well was brought in last November.

Without a balance sheet, it is impossible to make any estimate of the company's financial position. However, as a general observation, the only possibility of an advance in the price of the stock appears to lie in the question of whether further drilling efforts will be successful.

Dominion Foundries

DO YOU *recommend the purchase of Dominion Foundries and Steel Ltd., at the present market price of 14½ as a long-term investment? — J. J., Niagara Falls, Ont.*

Dominion Foundries, as a member of the highly cyclical steel group, does not appear attractive for your purpose at the present price level.

In normal times the steel industry is notable for its ups and downs. Buyers are either besieging the steel companies for more steel or buying on a hand-to-mouth basis. With the steel industry in the United States operating under 75 per cent of capacity since the beginning of the year and operations for the week starting March 8 estimated at 68 per cent, it is evident that demand for steel has slackened considerably.

The competition for markets has sharpened to the point where extra charges for finishing have been reduced considerably and steel producers are absorbing freight charges to sell steel in more distant marketing areas.

Lower volume and increased competition add up to just one thing—reduced earnings. Therefore, the general picture does not make steel stocks of interest until prices have receded considerably.

While Dominion Foundries is a well-established company that has expanded and progressed with the Canadian economy, and appears to be in excellent financial condition, the indicated yield of 4.2 per cent from the 60-cent dividend rules it out; an investment with higher yield is preferred.

Albermont Petroleums

I WOULD *appreciate your opinion concerning Albermont Petroleums Ltd., its present status and future possibilities.—R. F. N., Peterborough.*

With finances well reinforced by the underwritings of a $3 million convertible debenture issue and 400,000 shares of stock at $1.10, Albermont appears to be in an exceptionally good financial condition to pursue an aggressive drilling and exploration campaign.

According to the prospectus, total oil reserves of 2,473,994 barrels are less than a barrel per share, on the basis of the 3,955,557 shares now issued, but they could be increased considerably if the drilling now under way in the Richland County area of Montana proves up a major field. Albermont has an 18.55 per cent interest in 11,000 acres near Sidney, where a successful well has been drilled.

From the action of the stock, it is apparent that support is being maintained above the underwriting price of 1.10. Should the price be lifted above 1.60 an advance to around 1.90-2.00 would be indicated.

Unless some major drilling news appears it would seem difficult for the advance to progress much further due to the heavy weight of supply that exists near the 2.00 mark.

The future possibilities of the company depend entirely upon the famous recipe for a successful oil company: money, management and oil. The oil is where you find it.

Sweet Grass Oil

I WOULD *appreciate your opinion on the prospects of Sweet Grass Oils Ltd. I presently hold shares which cost me, on the average, 59 cents.—J. R. F., Toronto.*

The general prospects of Great Sweet Grass Oils, as the company will be known after the one-for-one reorganization has taken effect, do not appear to be too attractive.

While the prospectus issued in the United States on January 26, 1953,

obviously cannot be up-to-date, it gives information from which several conclusions may be drawn.

At that time, on the basis of the old stock, reserves of about .037 of a barrel of developed oil per share were indicated; the natural gas reserves available from the three capped wells in the Steveville area of Alberta could not be reliably estimated. The book value of the capital stock, as of October 31, 1952, was approximately 16½ cents per share.

Since then, gas reserves have increased due to the participation in drilling in the Kessler field in Alberta.

Lacking a more recent balance sheet, showing the company's position, we can reach no conclusions except the obvious one that the financial condition has forced the reorganization. The underwriting of the new stock, in which it has been agreed that 200,000 shares will be purchased at $1.25 and options granted on four blocks of 200,000 shares at prices from $1.25 to $2.00 per share, will place some money in the treasury. Whether enough can be raised to place the company in a position where considerable exploration and development work can be undertaken will depend upon the skill of the underwriters in marketing the optioned stock and the general condition of the market.

All factors considered, it is difficult to be optimistic about the prospects of a broad advance in the stock and if support is withdrawn under $1.25, selling would seem advisable.

Jonsmith Mines

I BOUGHT *Jonsmith Mines at 20 cents. What prospects, if any, has this stock of increasing value? Should I hold or sell? — W. S., Hornepayne, Ont.*

From the very narrow trading range the stock has travelled in, and the lack of news from the property, it does not appear to be too attractive for holding. The underwriters, who had held an option to purchase 200,000 shares at 25 cents, are apparently of the same opinion for they did not exercise the option on the due date, January 20.

Penny stocks without active sponsorship from a promoter or underwriter are too limited in trading movements to warrant interest.

Great Lakes Paper

WILL YOU *please give me your opinion of Great Lakes Paper Co. stock as suitable for retirement investment income? I have a considerable number of shares of Great Lakes common. The dividends from same will be the greater part of my retirement income.—C. N., Fort William, Ont.*

The annual report of this company, released recently, indicates net earnings per share of $2.25 against the $1.97 earned in 1952. It also shows that newsprint has been the main source of increased profits. Pulp shipments fell off again.

As the present dividend of $1.60 represents a very large part of the net earnings per share and is considerably higher than the general level of payments disbursed by the industry—Consolidated Paper, for example, paid $2.25 out of a net per share of $4.05 in 1952—there appears to be little possibility of dividends increasing over the foreseeable future.

While the outlook for the newsprint industry is still very good, Great Lakes above 23 seems rather "fully" priced and, all factors considered, the present price places the stock in a speculative rather than an investment bracket.

As such, any advance in the stock to around 25 would make it a sale for you in favor of placing the funds in a fixed income security such as the debentures offered by some of the finance companies at yields of around 5 per cent. For retirement income, a small loss of yield is worthwhile. Consider it as an insurance premium paid for the safety of your capital.

In Brief

I HOLD *shares in the Quebec Telephone Co. These shares have been rising steadily of late. Do you recommend holding? — J. C. O., Campbellton, NB.*

Yes.

A COUPLE OF YEARS *ago I purchased shares of Quebec Labrador Development at an average cost of 23 cents. What is your opinion as to the future prospects for these shares? — J. R. V., Edmundston, N.B.*

Not too hopeful.

I HAVE SHARES *of Brown Company which cost me 15½. I would appreciate your advice as to whether I should sell now or hold.—Mrs. J. D., Montreal.*

Sell or place a "sell on stop" order at 10¾.

WHAT WOULD *you do with shares of Paige Petroleums?—J. C. O., Edmonton.*

Sell them.

WHAT DO *you think of Coldstream Copper as a buy at the present price of 22 cents?—C. B. R., Toronto.*

Brrrrr.

WHAT IS *your opinion of Roford Mines at 25 cents? Is this a reasonable speculation in penny stocks or are there better horses to back?—I. D., Toronto.*

Try the Woodbine track. Better odds.

SOME YEARS AGO *I bought Pacific Eastern. Should I sell or hold?—H. M., Toronto.*

Hold.

PLEASE GIVE *me an "In Brief" on Porosity Petroleum. Your opinion?—R. C. B., Hamilton.*

Hold.

WOULD YOU *consider New Larder "U" a good buy now that it has dropped to $1.00?—J. D., Toronto.*

Not attractive.

WOULD YOU *advise on the merits of purchasing Virginia Dare 5 per cent preferred at the present price of 14-15? I hold stock at 19½. Could I level off?—R. B. C., Abbotsford, BC.*

Yes.

Government of Canada

Treasury Bills

Treasury Bills are available to industrial organizations as well as individual investors, for the investment of idle funds for a short term.

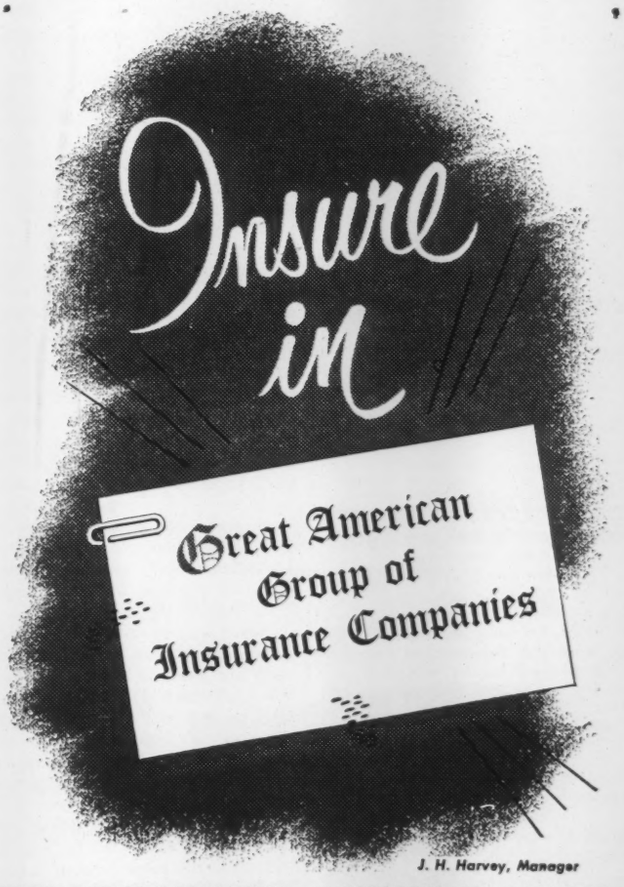
These Bills are available in denominations of $25,000, $100,000 and $1,000,000, and have weekly maturity dates from March 26th, 1954 to December 10th, 1954 inclusive, providing yields of up to about 2.10%.

At your convenience we shall be glad to discuss with you available interest rates for various terms of presently outstanding Government of Canada Treasury Bills.

Wood, Gundy & Company

Limited

Toronto Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver Halifax
Quebec Ottawa Hamilton London, Ont.
Kitchener Regina Edmonton Calgary
London, Eng. Victoria Chicago New York



J. H. Harvey, Manager

HEAD OFFICE FOR CANADA, 44 VICTORIA ST., TORONTO

CANADIAN INVESTMENT FUND

Ask your Investment Dealer or Broker for prospectus.

CALVIN BULLOCK
Ltd.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

DIVIDEND NO. 269

NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND OF THIRTY CENTS per share on the paid-up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 30th April 1954 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its branches on and after SATURDAY, the FIRST day of MAY 1954, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on 31st March 1954. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board
N. J. McKINNON,
General Manager.

Toronto, 5th March 1954

Certificate of Registry C-1475 has been issued authorizing The Victory Insurance Company Limited of London, England, to transact in Canada the business of Accident Insurance, Automobile Insurance, Explosion Insurance, Plate Glass Insurance, Sickness Insurance, Sprinkler Leakage Insurance, Theft Insurance and Windstorm Insurance in addition to Fire Insurance, Inland Transportation Insurance, Personal Property Insurance, Real Property Insurance, and, in addition thereto, Civil Commotion Insurance, Earthquake Insurance, Falling Aircraft Insurance, Hail Insurance, Impact by Vehicles Insurance and Water Damage Insurance, limited to the insurance of the same property as is insured under the policy of Fire Insurance of the Company. Mr. V. R. Willemsen is the Chief Agent.

THE TORONTO MORTGAGE COMPANY

QUARTERLY DIVIDEND

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of $1.25 per share, upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Company, has been declared for the current Quarter, and that the same will be payable on

1st APRIL, 1954

to shareholders of record on the books of the Company at the close of business on 15th March, 1954.

By Order of the Board,
CHARLES PETTIT,
Manager

March 4th, 1954.

North American Reassurance Company
161 East 42nd Street,
New York 17, N.Y.

NOTICE

is hereby given that the Department of Insurance, Ottawa, has issued to the

North American Reassurance Company
Certificate of Registry No. C1462

authorizing it to transact in Canada the business of

PERSONAL ACCIDENT INSURANCE
and
SICKNESS INSURANCE,

limited to the reinsurance of the risks of other companies, in addition to the business of

LIFE INSURANCE,

limited to the reinsurance of the risks of other companies, for which it is already registered.

W. J. D. LEWIS
Chief Agent in Canada

Ashley & Crippen

FRANK T. SHERK

Who's Who in Business

The Real Aim Is Selling

By Bernard Taylor

FRANK T. SHERK no longer carries a flask of hot Heinz soup in his briefcase when he makes a business call, but, as executive vice-president and general manager of the Canadian side of the firm with the legendary 57 Varieties, he remains essentially a salesman.

Typical of his approach is the way in which he maintains close contact with the up-and-coming junior executives at the Heinz plant in Leamington, Ontario. He has encouraged a Saturday round of golf, "at which we all relax and talk a lot of business".

He likes to keep on the move and to meet people, especially people working for, or buying from, Heinz. In the course of every year or year and a half, each of the 23 branches of the firm scattered across Canada receives at least one visit from the boss.

A self-assured person with a ready wit and a sharp eye for detail, Mr. Sherk has spent 35 of his 50 years in the service of Heinz. His appointment in 1952 to the top Canadian executive position in the company marked the first time it had come to a Canadian. This year he became president of the Canadian Food Processors' Association, an organization representing a $200 million industry.

Sherk was born in Kingsville, Ontario, and a few years later moved with his family to nearby Leamington. He joined the H. J. Heinz Company of Canada, Ltd., as a messenger when he was 15. Four years and several positions later came his first important promotion—to head a section of the quality control department.

But his real aim was selling, and on Christmas Eve, 1928, he was transferred to the sales division.

The Heinz company is one of the few large food manufacturers which sell directly to the merchants. The salesmen not only sell but also arrange displays, advertising tie-ins and special promotions.

This personal contact suited Frank Sherk, and he progressed. For a year he sold the 57 Varieties throughout Northern Ontario, and in 1932 he was the first salesman to visit James Bay and sell directly to the Hudson's Bay Company store at Moosonee.

During the next few years his stocky figure became familiar to grocers in Newfoundland, the British West Indies and Bermuda, as well as most parts of Canada. Later, he toured Canada to tell Heinz salesmen about their company and the latest selling techniques.

In 1936 he was appointed district supervisor of the Toronto Sales Branch; in 1944 he became sales promotion manager for Canada and two years later advertising manager as well. By 1949 he was a director of the Canadian company and general sales manager for Canada.

Being appointed boss of Canadian Heinz has taken Frank Sherk back to the town where he spent his childhood. Two years ago he and his family—wife, Edna, and sons John, 13 and William, 11—finally found in Leamington "the kind of house we have had in mind for years".

It is a colonial-style house, on a lot with a 125-foot frontage. One of its most attractive features is the interior flower garden that divides the living room and the dining room, an idea which has become popular on the Pacific coast in recent years.

Sherk relaxes with biographies of successful businessmen, golf, photography and "a television set which is used with discretion".

BRITISH COLUMBIA ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED

CUMULATIVE REDEEMABLE PREFERRED SHARES

NOTICE is hereby given that the Board of Directors has declared the following dividends for the three months ending 31st March, 1954.

4% Cumulative Redeemable Preferred Shares

No. 28, $1.00 per share, payable on 1st April, 1954. The said dividend will be payable on or after said date in respect of shares specified in any share warrant on presentation of dividend coupon No. 28 at any branch of The Royal Bank of Canada in Canada.

4¾% Cumulative Redeemable Preferred Shares

No. 22, $1.19 per share, payable on 1st April, 1954. The said dividend will be payable on or after said date in respect of shares specified in any share warrant on presentation of dividend coupon No. 22 at any branch of The Royal Bank of Canada in Canada.

5% Cumulative Redeemable Preferred Shares

No. 6, $0.62 per share, payable on 1st April, 1954. The said dividend will be payable on or after said date in respect of shares specified in any share warrant on presentation of dividend coupon No. 6 at any branch of The Royal Bank of Canada in Canada.

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD.

J. A. Brice,
Secretary.

Vancouver, B.C.
25th February, 1954.

BRITISH COLUMBIA POWER CORPORATION, LIMITED

DIVIDEND No. 2

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a dividend of Twenty-five Cents per Share on the Common Shares has been declared for the three months ending 31st March, 1954, payable by cheque dated 15th April, 1954, to all shareholders of record as at the close of business on 31st March, 1954.

By Order of the Board,
J. A. BRICE,
Secretary.

Vancouver, B.C.
25th February, 1954.

POWER CORPORATION OF CANADA LIMITED

The Board of Directors has declared the following dividend.

No par value Common Stock

No. 49. Quarterly, 50c. per share, payable March 31st, 1954 to holders of record at the close of business on March 5th, 1954.

V. J. NIXON,
Secretary.

Montreal, February 26th, 1954.

Certificate of Registry No. C-1472 has been issued authorizing The Great Lakes Reinsurance Company of Toronto, Ontario, to transact the business of Hail Insurance, in addition to Fire Insurance, Accident Insurance, Automobile Insurance, Inland Transportation Insurance, and, in addition thereto, Civil Commotion Insurance, Earthquake Insurance, Falling Aircraft Insurance, Impact by Vehicles Insurance, Limited or Inherent Explosion Insurance, Sprinkler Leakage Insurance, Water Damage Insurance, Weather Insurance and Windstorm Insurance, limited to the insurance of the same property as is insured under a policy of Fire Insurance of the company, for which it is already registered, limited to the business of reinsurance only. Mr. Vernon R. Willemson is President of the company.

In Tucson ARIZONA
WORLD FAMOUS HOTEL
SANTA RITA
Offers You EVERYTHING!
• Sunshine • Mountains • Riding • Tennis • Swimming • Golf and ... the Most Wonderful Vacation You've Ever Had!
See Travel Agent or write H. O'brien, Mgr.
Santa Rita Hotel, Tucson, Arizona, U. S. A.

Advertising

Seasonal Problem

By John Carlton

FOR SOME REASON that has never been adequately explained, national advertising in nearly all media suffers a slump in January, February and August. The Magazine Advertising Bureau of Canada has issued a bulletin asking why this should be, and claiming with much cogency that it is unjustifiable. The Bureau makes out a clear case for its own medium and, inferentially, for all media. It is pointed out that the reading of advertising in magazines in January, February, March and August is almost 10 per cent higher than in other months. Following a study of four leading national magazines, and taking the average readership for all months as 100, it is shown that February scores the highest of all (110), followed by January (109), August (108) and March (107).

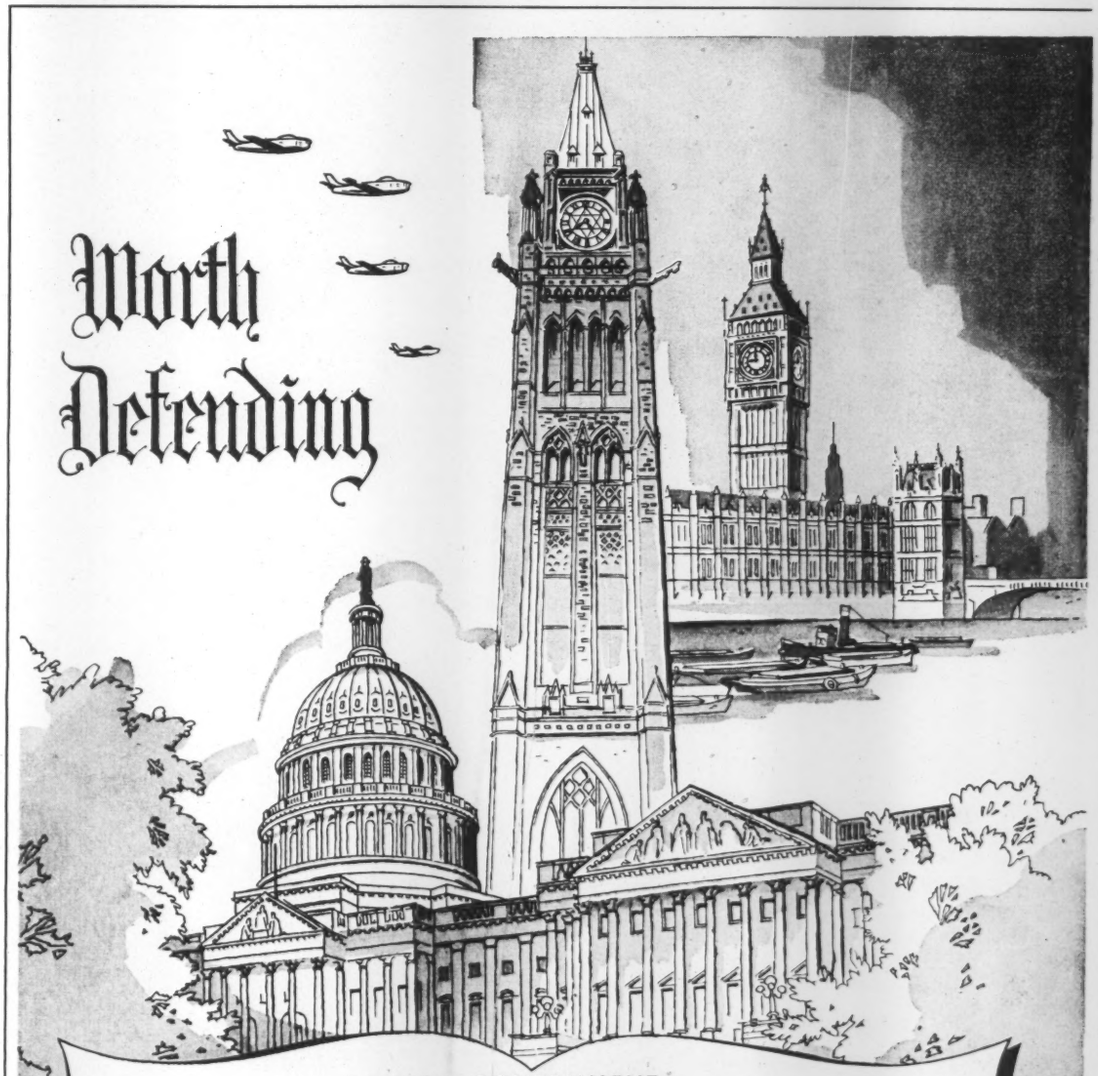
The Bureau deplores the falling off in January particularly, because that "is a month which dealers, historically, dread. Largely through their own efforts they have stimulated local buying to an astonishing degree. The encouragement engendered by an aggressive advertising policy on the part of national advertisers at this particular time would be an indication of real support and co-operation." Advertisers are urged to exploit the possibilities revealed by the readership figures and to do so by including appropriations for January, 1955, in the 1954 budget.

Consumer contests have got away to a good start this year and their advertising will add very considerably to the total volume of national linage. *Writer's Digest* estimates that $35 million will be handed out in the U.S. through this type of sales promotion in 1954. There will be nothing in Canada comparable with these figures but even here the total will be impressive, especially when the cost of prize automobiles, TV sets, radios, and a great amount and variety of electrical household equipment is added to the cash prizes.

Judging from contests already launched, the prevailing test will continue to be finishing a sentence with "25 words or less", paying tribute to the product being promoted. It might be thought that advertising copywriters would have outstanding success in contests of this type. Such is not the case. The most frequent winner of the big money is Mrs. Middle-Class Housewife. For some reason, truck drivers and accountants are regular winners. Many of them win again and again, proving that luck has little to do with success. The "regulars" have become so numerous that they have organized the National Contesters' Association which keeps members informed of current and coming contests, including the names of the independent organizations that will conduct the contests, and suggesting in every case the type of answer most likely to succeed.

Coupons and premium offers showed a marked increase in 1953, being almost double in number compared with the previous year. The increase will be intensified this year. Most of the advertisers using premiums will be food processors, soap manufacturers, and other makers of products having mass appeal. Many premiums will continue to be of the self-liquidating type with some logical, if slightly remote, association with the product. The trend is away from the "25c cash with box top" to the more costly premium that calls for a consumer outlay of one or several dollars, with or without evidence of purchase. Offers made to children will continue at the smaller coin level, or in return for wrappers only.

The all-powerful appeal to the bargain-loving housewife explains the growing hold which premiums exercise on consumers. The same applies to cash-discount coupons which are also being used more and more extensively and for a widening range of commodities. Merchandise promoted last year by means of coupons redeemable at points-of-sale included tooth pastes, cake mixes, numerous food products, razors, cosmetics, soaps, cleansers, teas and coffees. The largest and most consistent users of discount coupons are satisfied that this method of promotion pays off better with many more housewives than any straight reduction of prices has ever done or can do.



SELF-GOVERNMENT

"... that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

The whole point of democracy is the happiness and freedom of all citizens . . . not the glorification of rulers, races or creeds.

The responsibility of the government to the people is the cornerstone of democracy and the biggest obstacle in the path of totalitarianism; that's why self-government is *worth defending!*

CA54-6T

C-L CANADAIR LIMITED

CANADAIR

— AIRCRAFT MANUFACTURERS —

LIMITED, MONTREAL

One of a series dedicated to the survival of freedom — Reprints on request.

EATON'S
. . . is Wise in the Ways of Weddings
From the moment of their engagement to the ethereal loveliness of their wedding, generations of radiant brides have depended upon Eaton's to help them plan the details of personal and home trousseaux and the wedding of their dreams.
EATON'S . . . CANADA'S LARGEST RETAIL ORGANIZATION . . . STORES AND ORDER OFFICES FROM COAST TO COAST

Food

By Bevis Walters

A DISH MUCH LOVED by the English is called mulligatawny, which can be called either a soup, or an *entrée*, according to the whim of its maker.

Peculiarly enough, mulligatawny, although Indian in its origin, reaches its best when prepared in the manner liked by the English, who have tinkered around with the original recipe until they have transmuted the mundane into the magnificent.

By thickening the mixture with butter and flour and adding vegetables and poultry they have moved mulligatawny out of the category of soup and lodged it squarely amongst the more exotic *entremets*.

In its simple original Indian form, mulligatawny is just what its name implies—Molegoo (Pepper) Tunnee (Hot Water)—pepper soup to you!

However, whether it is a soup or an *entrée*, care must always be taken to ensure that the dish is not too hot, for the main ingredient is curry powder and, in Canada, the various brands of curry powders available vary greatly in strength.

The recipe for mulligatawny soup (Indian Style) is as follows:

Take a heaped teaspoon of Curry Powder. Add a pint of water. Boil for 14 or 15 minutes. Take 2 onions. Cut them up into small pieces. Fry them in 2 ounces of butter. When they are almost brown, add the boiling water and curry powder and boil for 5 minutes more. Strain and serve.

This is exactly the way mulligatawny is made and used each day by millions of people living in Hindustan and as soup it is very good, but if you would have it as a more satisfying dish made in the manner preferred by the English, the recipe is different and extra time and care are needed in its preparation.

Take a whole chicken and with a chopper reduce it to pieces about 2 inches long — bones and all. Melt 2 ounces of butter in a pot. When properly hot add a sliced onion. Fry until almost brown. Add one dessertspoon of curry powder and mix well. Add a tablespoon of flour and mix well. Add chopped up fowl. Brown well. Add 5 cups of heated meat stock and bring to boil. Add a small apple, peeled, cored and chopped up, 2 cloves, a dash of salt and one sprinkle of the pepper pot. Simmer for one hour. Fork out chicken pieces and remove as many bones as possible. Return the chicken to pot. Add the juice of a lemon and stir.

Add a small can of evaporated milk or ½ cup of fresh cream. Simmer for ten minutes more. Serve into soup plates in which some dry hot rice has been placed. Chutney, red currant or cranberry sauce is considered a good addition to this dish by some people.

For cooking purposes, coarse or rock salt is best as some brands of table salt have driers mixed with them. Black pepper is best for cooking.

Conversation Pieces:

SPRING FASHION SHOWS are always a pleasure, a colorful contrast to the drab outside world. This year the new emphasis on pastel shades was particularly noted. And, of course, everyone likes to see the foreign trend-setting imports. Eaton's again included some striking designs from Spain, especially those by Santa Eulalia, one of which appears below. Holt Renfrew is introducing a new Irish designer, Elizabeth James (see following page), and from Simpson's comes the costume (at right), a design from Pierre Balmain's New York collection.

Hospital executives: Mrs. Gordon Graham, elected President of the Board of Governors of the Women's College Hospital, Toronto; Mrs. A. M. Oswald, re-elected President of the Board of the Children's Hospital, Winnipeg.

Handkerchiefs are staging a fashion comeback this year. Many of the short-sleeved dresses sport a big hanky tucked into one cuff, or the handkerchief may be anchored to the dress with a tiny gold safety pin.

Women's committees are always coming to the financial assistance of civic orchestras. The Toronto women have run an annual Symphony Fair for a number of years; Vancouver does the same. And now the latest is the Women's Committee of the Hamilton (Ont.) Philharmonic Orchestra, with their first Symphony Variety Sale on March 24. President of the Committee is Mrs. K. R. Townsend, of Dundas.

THE COSTUME LOOK *by Pierre Balmain, of New York. A black alpaca sheath dress, topped by a matching jacket, with contrast in the black satin banding. The Watteau sailor is a reproduction of a Gilbert Orcel. From Simpson's imported collection, Toronto.*

Photo: Everett Roseborough

SPRING ELEGANCE *in this typically Spanish evening gown, designed by Santa Eulalia, of Madrid. All white, the lace bodice tops a tier-upon-tier skirt of net flounces, with red cabbage roses for accent. From the imported collection shown in Eaton's Spring Fashion Presentation, Toronto.*

Photo: Eaton's Commercial Studio

First Claire Wallace came out with her pocket-size etiquette book, *Mind Your Manners*, in dictionary form for rapid consultation. Now Kate Aitken has brought out *Canadian Etiquette for Daily Living* in chapter form. But Kate managed a round-the-world trip first. Now, this April, Claire takes off on a global tour. She plans to bring out a book about her experiences.

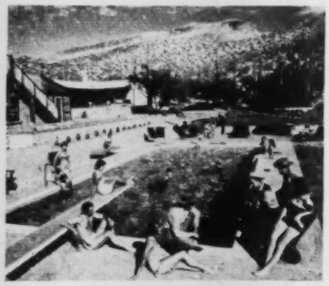
Another etiquette book, *Amy Vanderbilt's Complete Book of Etiquette*, is available now. The author was in Toronto recently as speaker at a Smith Literary Luncheon, arranged for the public by W. H. Smith, the booksellers. We were intrigued by her novel earrings, made out of her grandmother's gold thimble, slit in half and mounted. She wears them constantly, as a sort of trademark.

From the fashion angle we were also interested in another speaker, Marjorie Dawson, Director of the Children's Film Library of the U.S., who was addressing the Canadian Children's Film Board. Her novel method of giving her wardrobe variety is to save her favorite hats—she now has some 15 that go back about 15 years—and rotate them, wearing each for two weeks.

Weddings: Clare Elise Cran, daughter of W. C. Thornton Cran, of Toronto, to J. Philippe Brais, son of the Hon. F. Philippe Brais, QC, of Montreal; Shirley Joyce Knowles, daughter of Lt.-Col. Percy M. Knowles, VD, of Montreal, to William Baden Powell, of Verdun, Que.; Lady Jane Mary Waldegrave, daughter of the Earl Waldegrave, England, to the Hon. Donald Euan Palmer Howard, son of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal; Margaret Dasen Sheffer, daughter of Professor Hermann Dasen, of Beebe, Que., to C. Dermot Sladen, of Ottawa; June Bowen Perry, daughter of the late Brigadier Kenneth M. Perry, DSO, to Dr. Allan Douglas McKenzie, formerly of Kelowna, BC; Clara Goldstein, daughter of Rev. J. Goldstein, of Melville, Sask.; to Dr. George J. Halpern, of Ottawa and Hamilton; Patricia Rae Barrett, daughter of Dr. R. H. Barrett, Charlottetown, to Albert Arthur Allen, of Hamilton, Ont.

Can your climate pass this

Tucson Sunshine Quiz?

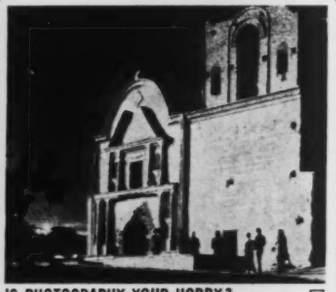


WANT TO SWAP BLIZZARDS FOR SUNSHINE? YOU CAN IN WARM, DRY, SUNNY TUCSON! ☐

There's more sunshine in Tucson than in any other resort city. You're outdoors from early to late—days are fresh and sunny, nights soft and velvety. There's so much to see and do, and you feel wonderful.

IS GOLF YOUR FAVORITE SPORT? YOU CAN PLAY EVERY DAY IN TUCSON! ☐

Enjoy trap and skeet shooting, too. Exciting deep-sea fishing at Guaymas in romantic Old Mexico, down new paved highway. Indian fairs, rodeos. Annual Tucson Spring Festival. Preview major league baseball.



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Irish Fashions

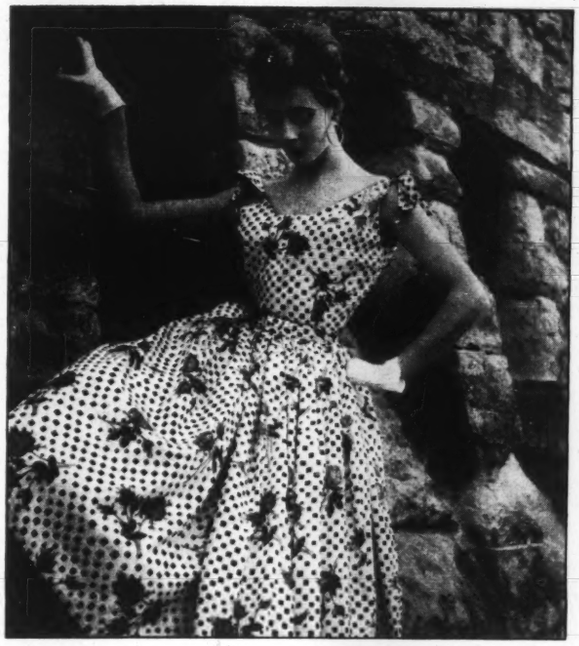
DESIGNER *Elizabeth James, of Cork, and two of her Spring outfits that are putting Ireland to the fore in fashions. The suit is of heavy Irish linen, softly moulded and simply tailored; the dress is a black and white jumper effect, made of hand-woven Irish linen, with a black knitted turtle neck and sleeve bands.*

Photos: David Olins

A COUPLE of years ago, the name of Sybil Connolly burst upon the fashion world and Dublin began to be included in the rounds of buyers from Canada and the U.S. Now a second Irish designer brings Cork into the expanding circle. She is Elizabeth James, well-known for years to her own clientele, but now sponsored by the Board of Trade of her native Cork to give impetus to the manufacture of the cottons, linens, homespuns and Donegal tweeds for which Ireland is famous.

Mrs. James's factory in Cork is in an old 18th century house, where she shows four collections a year. Her home is in Cork, too, but she has a small apartment in a London mews. It was there that Betty Macpherson of Toronto Holt Renfrew dropped in to see her. (The James clothes are to be exclusive with Holt Renfrew in Canada.) Miss Macpherson tells us that Mrs. James is red-headed, vivacious, and has a freshness that suggests windblown Irish moors rather than fashion salons.

Her London apartment reflects her artistry, with a dash of humor added. The small hallway, the abrupt stairway, the sitting room and the bedroom, all are papered in white, patterned with small red designs, and all are carpeted in red broadloom. The stairway has a hanging birdcage light, painted white, and instead of a bannister, there is a red velvet cable-cord.



FROM ENGLAND *come the Horrockses fashions in cotton, which is now a year-round fabric. This style looks towards summer, for daytime, informal evenings or as a sun dress. The bold roses and jet squares are on a white satin stripe background. In Canada, Horrockses fashions are obtainable at Morgan's, Simpson's and Eaton's.*

• •

Take It From Us

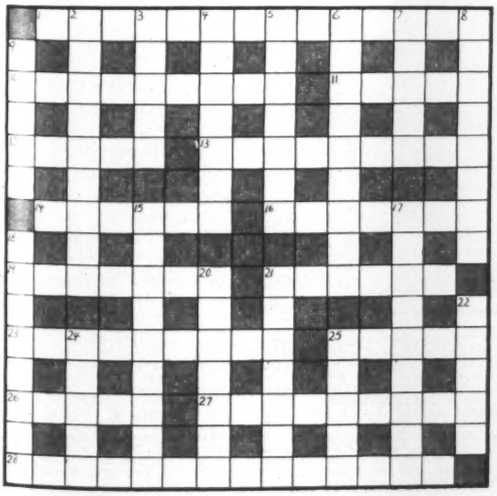
By Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. O, he makes undies for a servant-girls' joint. (10, 4)
10. I have a slim face for a portrait. (9)
11. His name suggests he should have written musical drama. (5)
12. A selection from which to choose. (5)
13. At last the loan is over, I having returned the weighty volume. (9)
14. Change course in the steamship. (6)
16. But they often take a back seat, too. (7)
19. Warms her seat! (7)
21. Often followed with care. (6)
23. Teems with tenants. It's what is leaving made a difference. (9)
25. He helps to make the cow nervous. (5)
26. He'll be in behind you, if you obey him. (5)
27. He got his tic dropping aitches. (9)
28. The accountant starts one each morning. (3,2,9)

DOWN

2. A chest roar is often needed by the singer to get above it. (9)
3. Dean was a fast old bird. (5)
4. They score, as it were, opening "Patience". (7)
5. How the Eskimo serves pie? (3,4)
6. One's just too good who is above this. (9)
7. She's something of a ninny at first, but gets on later. (5)
8. It may give you a singular view of things. (3-5)
9. Five is a half? (5)
15. Light-colored pants may provide more than one of this. (5,4)
17. The Iron Duke lost his head to another leader. (9)
18. Sliding off this roof you'd be clutching at a straw. (8)
20. It may be honest to suggest the prophet trespass. (7)
21. Possesses a punch that lifts the feet off the ground. (7)
22. Not necessarily made by the wise. (5)
24. Canny girl. (5)
25. Though pickled, I am always in about midday. (5)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. What's the big idea?
9. Later
10. Moonshine
11. Wigwags
12. Needy
14. Slate
15. Abyssinia
17. Exhausted
19. Moral
20. Magic
21. Beneath
23. Witnesses
24. Moist
25. Safety in numbers

DOWN

1. Well-wisher
2. Autograph
3. Surface
4. Humus
5. Browneyed
6. Gushers
7. Daisy
8. Awed
13. Mail chutes
15. Anticosti
16. Narrative
18. Unguent
19. Minimum
20. Motif
21. Bison
22. Owls

(305)

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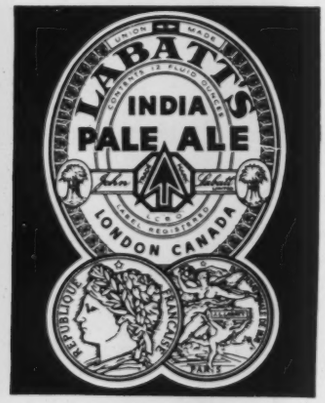

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Letters

Lucky Canada

I WAS . . . intrigued by a correspondent's recent letter regarding conscription. He reasoned that it would be too expensive for Canada. How fortunate Canada is!

The Old Country, which got rather knocked about in the war, and has not even yet healed her wounds, still has conscription and is the only Allied Power that has a two-year period of training, plus service in the Territorial Army. She is, moreover, in an economic tight corner trying to export her goods for dollars to countries that will not take them. She is also bearing the heaviest taxation of any country in the world. On top of all this, her youths of 18 years are taken from industry and the professions for two valuable years at enormous expense to the country.

We are not grumbling, for we do not wish a repetition of the unpreparedness of 1939. But you will allow us a wry smile when we read such a view as your correspondent's.

Perth, Scotland JOHN W. GALLOWAY

Religion in Schools

I DISAGREE heartily with the views of Mr. James Cambray on education when he states (Feb. 27) that daily instruction in the Christian religion should be part of every school curriculum.

In the first place, carrying out this scheme presents difficulties which make the plan impractical. Christianity means something different to each different denomination. Finding something to teach which will please all the sects is obviously impossible. What will inevitably happen, and what does happen in Ontario, is that some material is chosen which is supposed to be undenominational (an obvious impossibility). Then when it is presented to the pupils it will be colored and slanted by the religious attitude of the teacher. Having the teacher's religion foisted upon all in the class is undesirable, but how can a teacher avoid giving his or her interpretation to anything as personal as religious matters?

Then, too, in most schools, there will be a few Jewish children. Why should they be forced to take the choice either of being instructed in the dogmas of a religion that is not their own or being marked as being different from the others in the class?

Mr. Cambray no doubt thinks that this world would be a better place if there were more good Christians in it. I agree. I also think it would be better if there were more good Mohammedans, more good Buddhists, more good Hindus and more good Jews. What we need to teach today's children is not more sectarianism, but less. Now, World Brotherhood has become more than a longed-for ideal; it is a condition for survival. Therefore, we want children to learn to understand and respect other peoples who differ from us in color, race or creed. We want to teach them the truth that Gandhi expressed when he said: "Religions are different roads upon the same point. What does it matter that we take different roads, so long as we reach the same goal?" Children will not learn this lesson of broad understanding through being taught the creed of one religion.

Toronto HELEN TRACY

Marriage Clinics

NO DOUBT the Marriage Clinics advocated by one of your correspondents would do much good; but all such suggestions assume that both parties can be found, and they ignore many phases of the problem which cannot be dealt with in a limited space. How can such clinics or *anything else other than divorce* help a young wife and mother (or husband and father) whose spouse cannot be found or, if found, be compelled to return? There are thousands of such cases, but nowhere in Canada is desertion, no matter how long continued, a ground for divorce, although it has been in England since 1937 and in Scotland for nearly 400 years. This blot on our law results in illegal unions and is largely responsible for the alarming increase in juvenile delinquency. Let us remember that, as the English Royal Commission of 1912 reported: "Divorce is not a disease but a remedy for a disease; homes are not broken up by a court but by causes to which we have sufficiently referred"; and that as the former Lord Chancellor of England, Lord Jowitt, has said: "The fact is that the civil consequences of marriage (cannot) be identical with its religious consequences . . . marriage whether contracted between Christians or between those who have different or no religious beliefs, must in each case have the same legal consequences" . . .

Calgary W. KENT POWER

Of Many Things

YOUR IDEA of having the Queen spend nine months away from Britain is absurd. Certainly she would be welcome in her Dominions, but until her children are grown her proper place is with them, and it is no use to talk of taking them with her. They should remain at home and not be subjected to the kind of adulation they would receive abroad. Let them soak in the British traditions with the English fog and they will grow up to have the stamina and endurance necessary to the monarchy.

Regina OLGA SALMONSEN

EQUAL PAY for equal work remains a farce as long as it can be interpreted the way the Labor Department rules. It is nonsense to say there is no basis of comparison if a woman replaces a man on a job and there is no man doing the same work. Yet this happens repeatedly and the woman who replaces the man and does his job equally well receives less pay . . .

Montreal LOUISE FOY

I READ with much interest Senator Roebuck's article on Senate Reform, and note that he half admits a little reform may do some good. Now to me the great question is—does the Senate belong to the voters of Canada, or to the party that happens to be in power? If I remember correctly, in the past two Federal elections, the winning party elected 65 to 75 per cent of its members, yet . . . really only had secured about 48 per cent of the total votes cast. In my opinion, the Senate should therefore reflect that vote. . .

Windsor, NS C. E. SMITH

IT IS refreshing to read of a business man who would rather garden or fix a gate than play golf. But it is surprising to find the head of a great oil company whose sign is the White Rose preferring the Peace Rose to any other. A fine rose, certainly, but not to be compared with that old favorite Frau Karl Drushki, the queen of the white roses.

Georgetown K. L. SNIDER

REFERRING to your lead editorial of February 20, it is interesting to note that although those who support Liberal or Progressive Conservative candidates "do not have much say in picking the men who will represent the parties", members of the CCF "manage to get into the nominating conventions" and elect their own representatives as a matter of course . . .

Toronto BOB KENZIE

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SATURDAY NIGHT
ESTABLISHED 1887
VOL. 69, NO. 24 WHOLE NO. 3176

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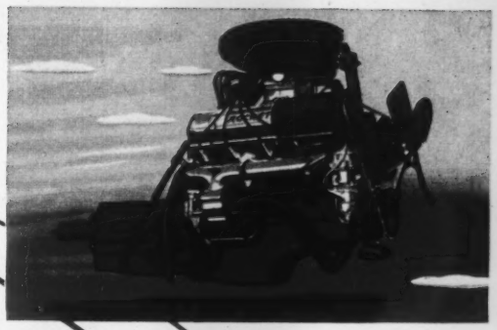

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Illustrated—Super "88" Holiday Coupe

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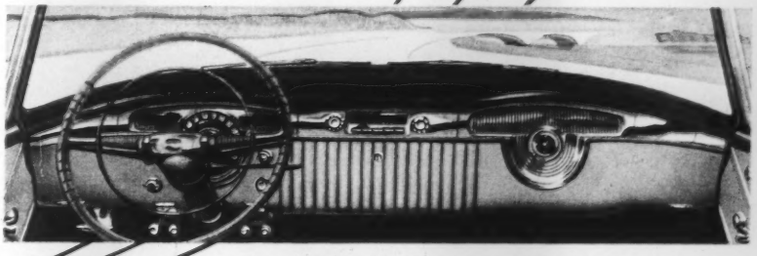

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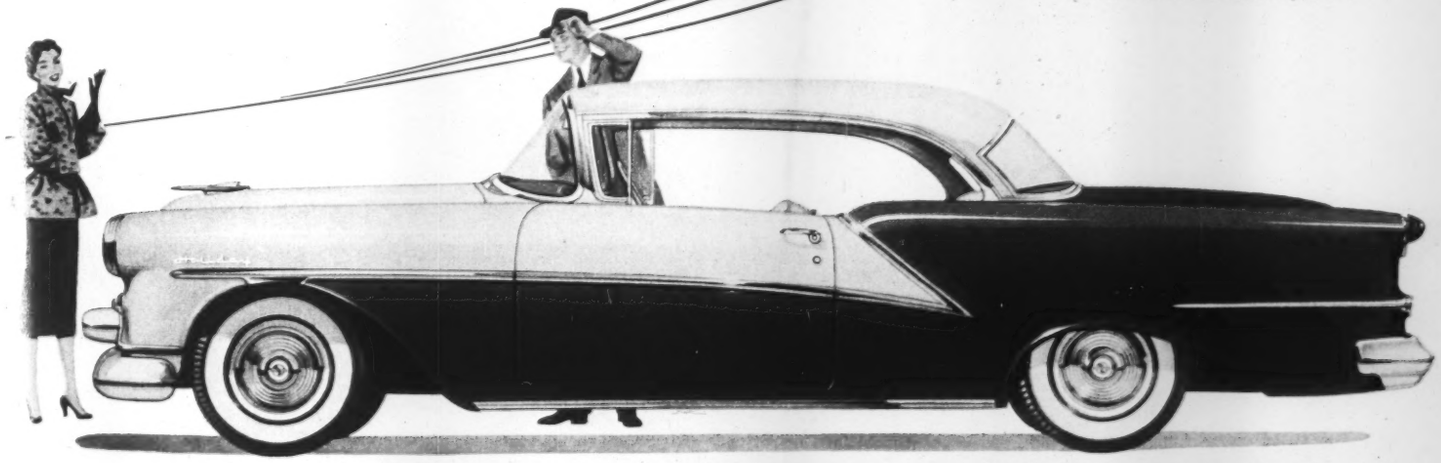

Illustrated—Ninety-Eight De Luxe Holiday Coupe

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